

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXX.—No. 770.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7th, 1911

PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6d.
REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.



H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN AND HER DAUGHTER.

157, New Bond Street, W.



COUNTRY LIFE
The Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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ECONOMY IN LIVING.

TO the working-classes of Great Britain at the present moment no matter is of more importance than to know what is the best way to utilise the food resources that are at their disposal. It is a general complaint over the whole of the world that the cost of living has greatly increased. There are many reasons for this; but probably the best reason for the discontent caused is that those who are now men and women approaching middle age have been spoiled by good times. They came into the world at a period when food was cheaper and more abundant than it had ever been before in the known history of the world, and it is no wonder if improvident habits were then formed. Survivors from an older and harder time were heard to declare in the plentiful nineties that often they had seen more bread thrown away by the children of a village school than would have sufficed to keep a family for a week in their young days. That was perfectly true. Plentifulness led to lavishness and waste. It is to be hoped that a time is not coming when corn and flour will be prized as they were just a hundred years ago, when wheat was so dear that all kinds of substitutes had to be tried for it. It was a period when theft was so common that it was no unusual thing for farmers to place rabbit traps in the mouths of their sacks in order to catch the hands of the pilferer. But a consequence of abundance even more deplorable than the tendency to waste is the neglect of so many sources of food supply. In those old times

country people were saved from the effects of utter starvation by the fact that they were paid very largely in kind. That is to say, they received from their employers, instead of money, potatoes, meal and food in other forms. They did not like this, and during a long course of years agitated for its substitution by a cash wage. Perhaps this arrangement may, on the whole, be more beneficial to them, but unquestionably it has its disadvantages. The peasant woman of to-day has got into the habit of considering that so much money is wanted for each necessity of her household. In the little budgets that it was the fashion to publish some years ago there were so many shillings allotted to meat, so many to bread, so many to groceries and so forth. The ancestors of those who produced these budgets were by no means so much dependent on mere money, and there is no particular reason, except bad training, why their successors to-day should not be equally independent of the shop.

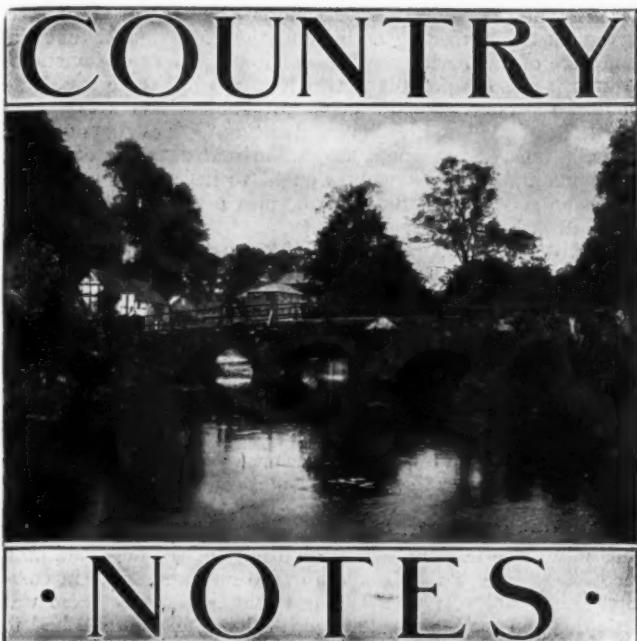
There are very few cottages in the country nowadays without a garden, an allotment or a small holding attached to them. Perhaps the occupants have looked to this land more as the means of providing a supplement to their income than was altogether desirable. They have found when they sent their produce to market that the prices paid were in many cases out of all proportion to the labour and care that had been expended; that is the more reason why they should lay themselves out to provide for the necessities of the household from what the land can be got to yield. Of course, it will be necessary for them not only to undertake cultivation, but to have very enlightened views in regard to it, because the chief problem that they have to face is the provision of plenty of food at those seasons of the year when it is naturally scarce. The object they should aim at is vegetables all the year round; whereas it is to be feared that the practical outcome of a great deal of their gardening is a large supply of vegetables in three of the summer months and a dearth for the rest of the year. The teaching of the County Council experts who are sent out so freely ought to be directed more than is the case to this question of maintaining the supply of nutritive vegetables in the winter months. Moreover, where there are plenty of vegetables, there is bound to be a considerable amount of refuse, and this refuse can be turned to account in the feeding either of pigs or poultry. There is nothing more profitable than the pig, which can be fed from the refuse of the allotment; there is no bacon dearer than that which has to be made by purchasing food. Poultry may be kept at very small cost indeed if the peelings and so forth from vegetables are prepared for their food. There is no royal road to success, however; it is a matter of intelligence and care. One housewife out of very small means indeed will have a full cupboard and a comfortable house, where another with exactly the same means will live on the borders of starvation. It must be said, too, that the English peasant is extremely improvident in regard to fruit. The present year has yielded magnificent crops of many fruits that are constantly grown in the cottage garden, especially of plums and apples. The Board of Agriculture and local teachers have issued many exhortations to preserve this fruit, and yet no one who understands the ways of the poor will contradict the statement that a great deal of it has simply been allowed to go to waste, partly on the plea that sugar this year is so dear that making preserves is not profitable. Those who make this excuse do not seem to know that much of the best preservation is done without the aid of sugar at all. They do these things much better in France, as a correspondent points out in another part of the paper. He asks why it is that in a French hostelry one can live so much more cheaply than in an English one, and yet be served with a greater number of attractive and well-cooked meals. The answer is, probably, to be found in the fact that the Frenchman allows nothing to run to waste, and he cooks what an Englishman would regard as trivial vegetable with as much care as a London cook bestows on a sirloin of beef. The French peasant is trained to frugality from his earliest youth, and has nothing of that spendthrift nature which belongs to a large section even of the poor in this country.

Our Portrait Illustration.

THE frontispiece this week is a portrait of H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Sweden and her daughter, Princess Ingrid. The Crown Princess of Sweden is the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught; her marriage to the Crown Prince of Sweden took place in 1905.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



NOTES.

WHEN these pages come before our readers, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught will be on the high seas on their way to Canada. The Dominion is to be congratulated on receiving so distinguished a Governor-General at the present moment, and the Duke of Connaught will be the first to recognise the great tide of Imperial patriotism that accounts for the recent change in Government. We could not very well imagine anyone more suitable to fill this high position. The Duke's dignity is combined with a rare tact and a trained political intelligence, while his relationship to the King lends him a particular prestige. Lord Grey, his predecessor, after his successful tenure of office, will soon be with us in London again. Indeed, preparations are already afoot to give him a welcome home, and at the same time afford an opportunity for him to speak about his experience in Canada. In this connection it may not be amiss to refer to the fact that Lord Strathcona has reconsidered his resignation as Lord High Commissioner, and consented to hold the office for an indefinite period. This is entirely in keeping with the previous career of the nonagenarian.

Despite the fact that prolonged drought has left its mark on it, the Dairy Show which has been going on this week is an unqualified success. The cows did not equal in number those that have been shown in past years, but their quality leaves nothing to be desired, and the other exhibits show in vivid form how manifold are the activities that centre round the dairy. Perhaps the most striking feature is the extraordinary exhibition of poultry. Rich in variety and splendid in point of quality, it shows that the care of chickens is commanding itself to an increasing proportion of the population. No doubt many of those who have migrated from the towns to the very outskirts of the suburbs, and even invaded the country, have taken to poultry-keeping as a pleasant rural occupation which at once supplies them with an interest and occupies some of their spare hours. Evidently fancy and utility have each a good army of adherents, for on exhibition were, on the one hand, fowls that could only be kept for the sake of their form and plumage, and, on the other, the best classes of utility fowl. It is difficult to pass from the subject without saying a word about the exquisite little Silkies, which thoroughly supply all the characteristics that are wanted in a pet fowl. Utility stands out bare and unadorned in the exhibition of dead birds, huge giants some of them, that seem to have been made on purpose to supply family meals.

The produce sections of the show are always extremely interesting. It must have surprised many to find that, in spite of the condition of the pastures, the colour of the English butter is, as a rule, splendid; it is of the red tinge that suggests the very best of feeding. Among the cheeses, one or two can be seen which show that this industry is taken up by a fair number of the new small holders, some of whom are, no doubt, responsible also for the very excellent show of honey. This is divided into several classes, of which that in the jars and that in the combs are only two; then there are the flower honey and the heather honey. Needless to say, the latter comes mostly from the far North and the other moorland districts of England. It is said that Whinstone honey is the best of all, and in support of this

it may be stated that the first prize for heather honey goes to a resident in the old town of Alnwick in Northumberland.

On Monday the threatened increase in the cost of milk took place, and during the winter fivepence a quart will be the recognised retail price. Some little disturbance has been caused on account of the middleman claiming half of the increase, thus seriously diminishing the farmer's return. Of course, the town dairymen have a certain amount of justification for their action, because during the past season they have often been compelled to buy accommodation milk from a distance when the ordinary supply has run short, and the increased price that had to be paid seriously affected their profits. But most sympathy will be felt, we imagine, with the labouring classes, who do not at present use as much milk in their houses as desirable, and will probably be compelled to curtail even their present slender supply, more especially as other articles of consumption have likewise gone up in price. It is to be feared that there will be a run on the cheaper forms of condensed milk; unfortunately, the price of the best condensed milk has gone up in sympathy with that which comes direct from the cow.

On Monday the introductory lecture at the opening of the Royal Veterinary College was delivered by Mr. Stockman, the very competent Chief Veterinary Officer to the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. The general public will naturally turn to that portion of the speech in which Mr. Stockman dealt with foot-and-mouth disease. He referred to the "mysterious ways" in which the malady had appeared about half-a-dozen times during the last twelve months, and took credit to the Board for the promptitude with which it was suppressed. As if to point his remarks, the very papers which report his speech also contain a paragraph about a new outbreak in Somerset which has necessitated the slaughter of sixty-two cattle and twenty-nine swine at Manor Farm, Middlezoy, near Bridgwater. Much as the public is concerned at the recurrence of outbreaks, of which the experts have not been able to trace the origin, there is some consolation in reflecting that Great Britain has made more headway against this disease than any other country in the world. Mr. Stockman quoted figures concerning Continental outbreaks, which we published a few weeks ago. He said that "during August alone 37,737 outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease were recorded in Germany, in July 12,358 were recorded in Holland, 4,007 in Belgium and 16,027 in France, where it had been estimated that the loss would amount to over £15,000,000." Until something is done with foot-and-mouth on the Continent we are afraid it is hopeless to expect that its sporadic appearance in Great Britain will be rendered impossible.

THE STALKER'S FUNERAL.

What the Smoothing Hand has left us, we lay, all reverent, here,
But the spirit of John MacDonald, which shone thro' the eye so clear,
Has sped to pass up Corrie Ghlas, where he loved to watch the deer:

Beyond the rocks and lichen, above the lingering snow,
Higher than grim Ben Djereg, or mist-capped Ben-y-Ghloe,
Not coffin nor pall nor kirkyard wall could fetter his soul below.

D. H. C.

In a year like this the First of October is only nominally the opening of the pheasant-shooting. As yet the foliage has not even begun to disappear from the coverts, and there will be no real driving for several weeks to come. At this date, however, it becomes legal to kill pheasants, and a few have been shot in the open. From all the accounts which we have obtained, prospects are much better than they have been for several years past. Wild birds do not seem to have suffered to any material extent from the drought, and in such a season as we have had rearing is a great deal easier than during weeks of cold and rain, such as have been experienced during several previous seasons. There is every reason to believe that the pheasant-shooting this year will be as good as that of the partridges, which, so far, has surpassed the expectations formed with regard to it.

Undoubtedly it is necessary that our Navy should have practice in the firing of the great ships' guns, but equally so it is only natural that the fishermen should grumble on those shores off which much of this practice is pursued. It is a common opinion that fish, despite their otoliths, do not hear, in the sense that we understand the word. On the other hand, there is no doubt whatever that they are finely sensitive to vibration. In the case of big guns firing, let us say, in the Moray Firth, though battleships may be opposite Dornoch, or out further again, as far as Helmsdale, yet even so, all the windows in the

town of Nairn, say ten miles away, will be set rattling at each discharge. Perhaps we may put the distance roundly at ten miles. If this commotion is set up in the air so far away from its centre of origin as this, what may we suppose to be its effect on the fish in the more or less immediate neighbourhood of the ships? The fishermen would be more than human if they did not grumble, and they are very little comforted by a quasi-scientific assurance that the fish do not, in strict parlance, "hear" the firing.

All round the coast kind people who have gardens facing the sea throw out scraps for the entertainment of the seagulls, which come thronging to pick them up, and by their beauty and dramatic squabbles with each other over the food amply repay their entertainers. In most of these gardens there are also some small birds which the householder would be glad to entertain in the same way, but these feeble folk get no chance, the greedy gulls chasing them off and allowing them no crumbs. A correspondent writes us the suggestion of a means whereby the little birds may be fed without interruption by the gulls. It is nothing more elaborate nor recondite than a shallow frame with wire-netting over its top, of such mesh that a sparrow, or even a blackbird, can get through, but a gull cannot. It has to be of sufficient depth to prevent a gull's reaching down to the food by stretching its neck through the wire. Of course, many modifications of this principle might be suggested—all effective and simple.

A very useful leaflet has been issued by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries on the Composition of Seaweed and its Use as Manure. In Scotland, Cornwall and Devon, seaweed is diligently collected and placed on the soil for manurial purposes. Its value in that way is likely to be greatly enhanced in the future because the substitution of mechanical traction for horse-power is steadily diminishing the supply of manure and raising the price. Seaweed can be obtained on the coast in quantities that are practically limitless. The writer says that the fertilising materials in a ton of fresh seaweed would, in a finished manure, cost about ten shillings and in a ton of dried seaweed about forty shillings to sixty shillings.

A private correspondent informs us that the alleged case of hydrophobia, which was said to have occurred through the bite of a fox, was really a case of lockjaw. At the time we found it very difficult to credit the statement that the virus had lain dormant since last year, and the most profound students of this terrible disease, although they admitted that such a thing was within the range of possibility, did so with evident reluctance. No case of such prolonged dormancy was adduced. At any rate, it is a relief to find that hydrophobia has not made its appearance again in this country. Had it done so, very great alarm would have been experienced, because no origin of this disease has been traced except that of infection; and if a fox had really been attacked, it would have been impossible to avoid the conclusion that the animal which bit it had also been a sufferer from the disease, and, therefore, that hydrophobia was spreading in these islands, and would require for its suppression a revival of the very strong measures which were taken some years ago by Mr. Walter Long when he was President of the Board of Agriculture. The taking of such steps is no longer necessary.

An old subscriber writes: "On Monday I happened to go down to Staffordshire in a train full of clergymen making their way to the Church Congress, which is being held this week at Stoke-on-Trent. It was extremely interesting to hear them discussing the various subjects that were to come up during the sittings of the Congress. By universal consent it seemed to be agreed that the question of Welsh Disestablishment was to be the most interesting and the most important. Next to that they seemed to hold that the questions connected with the administration of the Poor Law would occupy a high place. But some were curious as to what was to be said and done about the revision of the Bible and the Prayer Book. In connection with the last-mentioned subject it was related that a clergyman in the county of Yorkshire had caused a little addition to be made on his own responsibility. It occurs in the prayer for those who travel by land or sea; to this he had added the words 'or air,' and without any irreverence it may be remarked that the final petition seems to be called for at least as much as either of the others. The Yorkshire clergyman in question seems one who is determined to keep abreast of the time."

Penmanship has been receiving a considerable amount of attention since the announcement that the Civil Service Commissioners meant in future to take off a certain number of marks for bad writing and bad spelling. Mr. Town, secretary for

Commercial Education to the London Chamber of Commerce, has given an interesting account of the view that commercial men take of handwriting. The London Chamber of Commerce regards it as so important that it is a rule "that no candidate would be granted a certificate in any subject unless the paper is written in good and legible handwriting." Mr. Town goes on to make the very pertinent suggestion that directors of banks, insurance and other companies ought to insist with great emphasis on good handwriting on the part of their junior clerks; to be legible is a duty they all owe to the public; and undoubtedly the ability to write clearly is of the greatest importance. In connection with this it may be interesting to enquire why medical men are in the habit of concealing their mysterious prescriptions in a still more mysterious handwriting which no man can read.

Modernism, as expressed in houses of entertainment, is unpitying, and has no sentiment for age or association. The number becomes steadily fewer of those of whom we had many types in the last generation—those who delighted in an old inn, good food, sound wine and efficient, if old-fashioned, service. These are the things that Long's Hotel could offer in its palmy days, when Scott met Byron there and young coxcombs were taught at its tables "how to eat their fish with a silver fork." But to-day the taste in hotels is entirely for the new, and each successive hostelry tries only to outdo its forerunners in comfort and luxury. It thus happens that in our day there was little demand for the peculiar merits that Long's Hotel had to offer, and this year the owner has not thought it worth while to apply for a renewal of the licence. Thus is the revolution of London accomplished. Every day something that was old is being given up for the sake of a new successor.

MY "DEN."

Sing ho! for a blazing fire,
And good "home-brewed"
And the scent of my own sweet "briar";
Sing ho! for a blazing fire,
Where Sorrow daren't conspire
Nor Care intrude.
Sing ho! for a blazing fire,
And good "home-brewed."

R. D. R.

Lord Curzon's playful suggestion, made at the Exhibition of Old Masters, concerning Members of Parliament who are squeamish about accepting the salaries which the Members of the House of Commons voted to themselves, deserves a little serious consideration. It was that an Art Fund might be got together "solely composed of the returned salaries of virtuous M.P.'s." Any Member contributing to this fund might, according to Lord Curzon, congratulate himself if he stepped into the National Gallery on his way to Westminster that he had done more good in Trafalgar Square than he could possibly do at Westminster. In other ways, Lord Curzon's clear intellect shed a welcome light on the situation. He showed, for one thing, how difficult it would be to pass an Act prohibiting the sale to places abroad of English art treasures. The best of these came originally from Italy and other foreign countries.

The sale of three hundred horses announced by the London General Omnibus Company to take place at the end of this month will practically sweep the horse bus from London streets. Of all the changes which have taken place during the last decade, none have been so extraordinary as that which we have seen in road traffic. It cannot be more than eight years ago since the first motor bus made its appearance, terrifying the horses and rousing their drivers to caustic comment; and it was curious to hear how, in spite of common-sense and the hard facts which confronted them, the men for a long time persisted in declaring that petrol could never compete with horse-flesh. In similar manner their forefathers declared that the railway train could never oust the mail-coach from its place. Yet in the fulness of time the mail-coach disappeared into the quickly forgotten past to join the pack-saddle and the sedan-chair. Soon the horse bus will bear them company, and our children—perhaps even we ourselves—may in due course wax a little sentimental over the motor when it in turn is scrapped to make way for the aerobus.

At length there has been such a break in the weather in Scotland that it seems as if there were a good chance for the salmon angler's sport in such rivers as did not close for angling at the end of September. It is true that the rain came just before the end of the month, but the angler requires not only that the rivers shall be so flooded that the salmon are able to ascend them, but also that they shall so far run clear again that the fish may be able to see his lure. This latter essential

condition, at least, was not complied with in Scottish rivers until September was over, and it has to be admitted that the record of all rivers now closed for angling has been very bad in respect of all except the early months. The summer and autumn angling has been practically a fiasco. There remain those that

are open during part or the whole of October, as well as the very few that go on through November. For them the prospect is distinctly good, for there seem to have been many fish waiting to come up, and if these latter rains have given them that opportunity, the angler ought to profit.

AN ELEPHANT KRAAL IN CEYLON.

IN February, 1910, an elephant kraal had been arranged at Galgamuwa, on the Jaffna line, and, as the site of the stockade was within a mile and a-half of the railway and only about one hundred miles from Colombo, great interest was taken in it by the general public, as, contrary to the general usage, it was easy to get to, and the Government had arranged to build a temporary station for the convenience of travellers. The result was that over five thousand

people were present, the majority of whom, like myself, were totally unacquainted with the methods of procedure, and the consequence was that the crowd round the stockade so frightened the wild elephants that, instead of about forty-five being kraaled, only sixteen were successfully caught, the remainder breaking



THE KRAAL FROM OUTSIDE.

back through the beaters.

Having been invited to form one of a party to see this unique sight, I gladly accepted and, packing up my oldest clothes, in due course arrived at the station. The first thing that struck me was the energy and business enterprise shown by the natives in the number of kaddais, or shops, erected, and in which everything could be purchased, from a "sarung," or native cloth, to buckets or hoes; and another surprise was the hotel, built of cadjans

(plaited cocoanut leaves) and the leaves of the talipot palm. This had a number of rooms and a bar, and had been erected principally for those who could only stay long enough to see the noosing performed. The chiefs, or Ratemahatmeyas, had built houses of like materials for the Governor and the high



DECoy ELEPHANTS IN THE KRAAL.

officials, and also for themselves, all of which with the aid of the railway had been well furnished, and the Europeans had also built bungalows which, in many instances, were luxuriously furnished, chiefly on account of the ladies, of whom a large number were present. The chief point of interest, and one which we continually visited, was now centred in the line of beaters, who, to the number of more than two thousand, and spread over a distance of about four miles, had been working for some weeks previously in an ever-narrowing circle towards the mouth of the kraal and advancing at the rate of about one mile per day, and four days before the final drive were within two miles of the entrance. The scene at night was magnificent and weird. At intervals of a few yards big fires had been lit, and these extending for about four and a-half miles made a spectacle not to be forgotten. At each fire were three or four natives keenly on the alert, while at short intervals in the silence could be heard the breaking of branches as the huge beasts tore them from the trees to eat or pushed their way through the jungle, while now and again the terrifying trumpeting of one of the leaders of the herd sent a thrill of excitement through those unaccustomed to the sound. Now and then a few of the elephants would wander close to the lines, when a very inferno of shouts, yells, firing of guns and waving of blazing branches would arise, and with an unearthly shriek of defiance the huge animals would again turn to the centre of the circle.

There were two herds surrounded, and four days before the final drive these were brought together, when the leaders immediately prepared to do battle with each other, and the sound was one that impressed me greatly. We could not get close to see the fight, as the animals were in a very thick part of the jungle and it was too dangerous to get near to them; but in an interval of silence snorts or shrieks could be heard, and in that silence these sounded unearthly. Then would come the breaking of branches, followed by a tremendous thud as the two heads met, and then again a breaking of branches and

erected under a tree and the chiefs in charge of the drive were present. Surrounded by four or five hundred natives and about six Europeans, and with the light of two or three torches, a native of weird appearance performed a series of incantations and contortions, the principal one of the latter being to swing



A FINE WILD ELEPHANT CAUGHT.

his head round and round on his shoulders for a period of at least ten minutes, the object being to produce a sort of mesmeric trance, when he would deliver the all-important announcement. This performance was accompanied by three tom-toms, a pair of cymbals and a score of harsh voices. The whole scene in the midst of the jungle, accompanied by the far-off trumpeting of the elephants, produced an effect wonderfully impressive.

On the morning of the final drive, when the Governor had arrived, the beaters began closing in rapidly towards the mouth of the kraal. This was an enclosure some two hundred and fifty yards square, in one side being a gate about thirty feet in width,

with a V-shaped mouth stretching out from each side for two hundred yards or so into the jungle. The sides and wing were made of upright posts about fifteen inches in diameter, three feet apart and ten feet high, bound together by two lines of horizontal posts tied with creepers, while every other post was strengthened by slanting props also tied together horizontally. The inside of this rectangle was not touched, the trees and undergrowth being left severely alone, the former to tie the elephants to when noosed, and the latter to give them a fancied security.

The two herds were now approaching the entrance rapidly, and the shouts and yells of the beaters, accompanied by a volley of blank shots from hundreds of old muzzle-loaders and pistols, were plainly heard by the spectators round the stockade and in the two stands erected for the Governor and the chiefs; but the elephants were scared at the crowds and refused to enter the kraal, notwithstanding all efforts. During this time one of the beaters, an old man, faced a maddened elephant and attempted to stop its rush by holding up his hand and repeating an incantation, but the beast took no notice and continued



AN ELEPHANT WHICH TOOK SIXTEEN MEN TO SECURE IT.

trumping as they pushed and wrestled. This titanic struggle was in progress with short intervals for two days and nights, the result being unknown. During the night before the final drive, the invoking of the deity governing the elephant to lend his aid in the operations was performed. A rude altar was

his charge. The man turned to run, but tripped; there was a sickening scrunch: the elephant had put his ponderous foot on the man and life was extinct. This elephant was afterwards shot. When it was found that the herds would not go forward, a halt was called till next day, and the night was one of great suspense.

The elephants, now thoroughly frightened, tried to break through again and again, but were prevented by the usual tactics, and one of the herds to the number of sixteen at last wandered into the enclosure and were shut in. On the following day an endeavour was made to secure the remainder, but all efforts proved unavailing, and at last the elephants still outside were allowed to return to the forest, and the noosing of those captured commenced. The first step before noosing was the admittance of the strongest of the tame decoys into the kraal, in order that they might cow the leader of the herd, who strongly objected to the approach of any other bull. When the decoys had discomfited the leader by concerted butting and pushing, the remainder of the herd became frightened and the noosing was commenced. Four decoys then entered the stockade ; on the back of each two men were seated, the mahout, or driver, and the nooser. Round the neck of each elephant was fastened a long rope made of elk or spotted deer hide, about twenty-five feet long, and with a noose at one end. These advanced towards the herd, who, now frightened, retreated before them, the more timid ones forcing their way into the centre of the bunch, or at times making rushes at the stockade ; but the firing of guns and shouting greeted every attempt to break through, and, frightened by the noise, they again sought the centre. By this time the last elephant of the herd was being tackled by the decoys, who fondled it with their trunks, and while this was going on one of the noosers slipped down with the end of the noose and, passing under the stomach of the decoy, waited for the wild one to lift his hind foot. If he would not do this, the decoy would give him a push forward with his head, and the nooser, taking advantage of this, slipped the rope over one leg while raised from the ground, pulled it tight and then slipped away. The decoy, who was an experienced one called Belligamma, then felt if the noose was tight with his trunk, and when satisfied stopped and turned round, thus tightening the rope and dragging the wild one backwards. This it was easy to do, as the leg which was noosed was lifted off the ground. By this time further decoys had been admitted, and two of these were sent to help secure the one caught and to help (by pushing with the head and lifting with the trunk) to drag it until the hind legs were against a tree. The noosing decoy then walked round the tree, thus making the rope secure, and stood calmly with the rope taut. The two other decoys then ranged up, one on each side, and held the wild one fast, and at the same time men at once began to tie the hind legs together and to the tree. While this was being done it was wonderful to watch the decoys smoothing the wild one down, and when it attempted to pull the mahouts off their backs twining their trunks round his and holding it fast. At other times when the wild one became refractory they would lean away from it and then come together again, giving it a severe squeeze, and this was sometimes repeated several times. Occasionally one of the decoys would draw some water from its stomach into its trunk and give it to the wild one by placing the two trunks together, and, in fact, they acted like human beings who enjoyed the sport. While the first



A DEADLY PAIR OF TUSKS.

ones were being tied, others were being noosed in the same manner, except the small ones, one of which took fifteen men to lift and push it to a tree, where it was roped round the body, and it then vied with its elders in the amount of noise it could make, but in a few hours allowed us to pet and feed it.

During the noosing several exciting incidents took place, the bull leader making several charges at the decoys ; but these were always repulsed, while again and again the herd would charge the stockade, only to be driven back. At last all were secured, the kraal looking very bare to what it was at first, as all the undergrowth had been trampled down. The elephants were then raffled for by the Ratemahatmeyas, or chiefs, who promoted the kraal, and an auction was held of those which were not to be kept by their owners. The prices realised were, I am told, high, ranging from Rs.762 for the bull leader, while the baby fetched Rs.400, an extraordinary price. Later on in the same day the captured ones were led away between two decoys, to whom they were securely roped, and it was interesting to watch the

manner in which the latter punished their captives without any urging from the mahout and caressed them when sulky ; but after a short time they bowed to the inevitable and became quite tractable. The smaller ones were only tied to one tame one, while the calf would follow without any fetters. The taming takes about four months, and is accomplished solely by kindness and the attentions of the tame ones ; but the full training for work takes a considerable time, and when fully trained for working and noosing the elephant's value is about Rs.3,000.

HENRY C. BROWNE.



TWO DECOYS AND A CAPTIVE.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

A VISIT TO THE BASS ROCK.

TING in the Firth of Forth, some two miles from the nearest land, the Bass Rock rises from the sea to a height of close on four hundred feet. On three sides are precipices of varying heights, the only accessible landing-place being on the south corner of the rock. The rock is famous for its immense population of solan geese, and it was for the purpose of studying these interesting birds that we spent some days

on the rock during the early part of September. Although nesting in such enormous numbers on the Bass Rock, the gannet cannot really be said to be a common bird as far as Great Britain is concerned. Its nesting sites are few, Ailsa Craig, off the coast of Ayr, and St. Kilda, in the Outer Hebrides, being the only two of any importance, but on these nesting-haunts the birds congregate to their thousands and remain on the rocks almost the whole season.

THE SOLAN A VERY LATE NESTER.

The month of September at first sight appears a somewhat unfortunate season of the year to study nesting-birds, but the gannet, or solan goose, is without exception the latest nesting-bird in the country, and when we visited the rock in the first week of September very few young birds had taken wing. The immature birds remaining were in all stages of growth—from fully fledged birds ready to make their perilous leap from the rock to downy nestlings which would not leave the nest till early November. Some unfortunate solans were still sitting on eggs, but the latter were in nearly every case quite addled, and had probably been sat on for long weary months. We found two such eggs in close proximity—one was quite warm, but the other had been deserted. We had good opportunities for observing the bird still brooding, and noted that she set about her duties in a somewhat faint-hearted manner, as though she had begun to despair of hatching out a youngster. She returned to the nest without hesitation, but spent most of her time standing on the edge of the structure, or else sitting half on the egg, which had by now lost entirely its original colour and was deeply encrusted with dirt. Our first day on the rock was rather windy, but towards nightfall the wind dropped and next morning was beautifully fine and calm. We were somewhat surprised to find that a great many birds had been relining their nests during the early hours of the morning, and the solan still brooding on the addled egg had completely relined her nest with straw thrown out from a passing steamer.

LATE NEST-BUILDING.

In at least one instance a bird had commenced to build a completely new nest, though whether it was destined to receive an egg is somewhat improbable. A few yards from where we were watching, a gannet was constantly bringing fresh seaweed to a nest containing a half-grown youngster. The latter seemed overjoyed when the seaweed arrived, and it almost appeared as though it was intended as an article of food. Occasionally we saw a sly old gannet stalk up and pick up a large beakful of nesting material belonging to one of its neighbours. It then proceeded to throw it over its head several times, each time catching it deftly before it fell. We saw one very interesting comedy. A gannet picked up a beakful of straw and walked along the ledge of rock to where another bird—in all probability its mate—was guarding a young one. Walking slowly up to its better-half, the gannet solemnly offered its token, but the mother bird in reply picked up a large feather lying on the edge of the nest and held it up to her mate, indicating as plainly as possible that she had quite enough nesting material available without his well-meant efforts.

VARYING DISPOSITIONS OF THE YOUNG BIRDS.

On a narrow ledge, which we reached with some little difficulty, were a great many young solans in various stages of development. Some of the parent birds returned to their young quite indifferent to our close proximity, while others never put in an appearance at all. The result was that one gannet sometimes found herself the unwilling mother of two or three youngsters. In one instance a gannet was guarding her young, while on the rock a foot or two away another young bird was clinging. The mother bird for some reason strongly resented the proximity of the unoffending stranger, and made various lunges at it with her bill. Several times she caught its sprouting tail-feathers and pulled them viciously. After each attack her bill was covered with down, which she had some difficulty in getting rid of. Ultimately she gave the youngster such a determined pull that he was dragged from his foothold and fell in a dazed state on to the ledge below. On another occasion a gannet, guarding her young, was of opinion that another youngster was in too close proximity, and every now and again made vicious dabs at it. Her own young one, however, quite mistook her intention, for each time its mother jerked her neck forward it evidently imagined that the parent bird was in the act of disgorging food, and tapped appealingly on her bill.

THE BABY OF THE ROCK.

There was no doubt about the fact of his extreme youth, for he was still partly covered with the black skin with which all baby gannets are issued into the world. He was the only one of the young birds which we had under observation who was unable to leave his nest, and in the nest he sat or lay, with his mother watching defiantly over him. One specially warm day we spent some time in observing him in various postures, and really some of his attitudes were strikingly human. He was sound asleep when we saw him first lying on his side with one little wing held up to the sky, but as the sun shone with ever-increasing power on the nest he became restless, and finally opened his mouth to a width scarcely imaginable and gasped repeatedly. His comfort was not increased by his mother suddenly appearing on the scene and alighting with supreme indifference on his head! As the sky became somewhat cloudy and the heat less intense, the baby became more cheery, and it was laughable to see him pecking at some of the feathers lining the nest, throwing them in the air and making faint-hearted efforts to catch them again!

SETON GORDON.

THE GRAYLING.

WITH October with us it would seem appropriate to write a word on the grayling. He is a fish rather looked down upon. People do not write text-books about him as they do on salmon and trout, and he has to be contented with a small chapter among "other sporting fishes," in which, probably, the salient features are the beauty and size of his back fin and the fact that he may also be known as an Umber. All the same, in the autumn he is the only sporting fish which is at its best, and he affords the fly-fisherman an opportunity for indulging

his favourite pastime, which otherwise he would be without. It is, no doubt, this prolongation of the fly-fisherman's delight into the autumn which has led many owners of waters to introduce grayling into their streams, and, speaking in October, they have done wisely; but, speaking in the spring, the matter bears quite a different aspect.

When considering grayling as sporting fish, apart from the trout problem, there can be no question that they are by no means to be despised. If they are taking well, their method of often lying in shoals makes them convenient to fish for. You may go on fishing and catching in the same spot without the trouble of moving about. Moreover, they do not mind if you do move about, and will rise in the most bold and aggravating way almost under your feet as you wade. If the water is suitable, they fight with amazing doggedness, coming in almost to the net and then going away again, apparently as fresh as ever, necessitating their being played all over again and even repeating the performance. If, however, the angler has with him a river keeper with a landing-net, and he quickly pulls the fish down stream into the waiting net, he will have little sport from his fishing; not only will he have a man watching his every cast, and presumably thinking how much better Mr. A. or even Lord B. would do the job, which, if he has not been brought up to it, will certainly mar his pleasure, but he will also find that, with a net thus in readiness below, a grayling is but a poor fighter for all his strength. In making these remarks concerning an innocent man doing his duty, it must not be thought that any real animosity is felt against river keepers; merely that the writer lacks the courage to risk hurting their feelings by telling them he would prefer to be without them. In salmon-fishing a man to accompany one is a desirable appendage so long as he does not turn his back on the river, as is sometimes done. But this is digression. Certainly the grayling lacks the wild rush and leap of the trout, but there is a determination and continued fight which is wanting in the trout, since the latter has tired himself out in his first rush. When landed, and while being held in the hand previous to death, the great muscular strength of the grayling can be appreciated. He is much harder to hold than a trout or any fresh-water fish, except a salmon or an eel. This, no doubt, accounts for his staying powers. For eating purposes the grayling in season is uniformly good, and while not so prized as good trout, is infinitely preferable to many bad trout, and has no more bones. A good deal more might be said in appreciation of the grayling, of the pleasure of being at the waterside among the autumn tints and the like, all of which may be "taken as read." On the other side of the picture there are the days—and they are not a few—when the ordinary fly-fisherman cannot get a rise out of them. True, they get one out of him; he becomes exasperated seeing them rise regularly in spite of the various patterns he has tried over them. It may have been that a real expert would have caught them all; who can tell? The feeling remains that while the angler would not mind so much if he failed to catch trout, yet, in the case of the more or less despised grayling, he feels momentarily inclined to be annoyed at his failure. The inferior the fish in general esteem, the more the fisherman is abashed if his supreme efforts do not meet with success.

Again, when the trout-fishing is at its best, the fisherman's time is constantly being wasted by having to play and return out-of-season grayling. Then they are indeed fearless in taking the fly, and are, luckily, easily subdued; but they are a nuisance, for all that. Were these the only arguments to be adduced against grayling, clearly they would not suffice to call for their extermination from good trout waters; but it is acknowledged by all that trout and grayling do not agree, and that the grayling get the better of it, increase and multiply while the trout diminish. What may be the reason of this does not much matter; the fact remains. The fact also remains that a large number of our best trout streams have had grayling introduced into them by well-meaning persons, and that these rivers, while being now good grayling rivers, are inferior trout rivers. A good deal can be done to keep down the grayling by netting them, but you cannot net grayling without netting trout as well, and the netting of trout does not do them much good. To some, indeed, the desire to destroy grayling may be a blessing in disguise, as it makes it more easy to get leave for a day's fishing for grayling if there is a desire to destroy grayling; but they are the only ones who benefit. In rivers where the trout-fishing is inferior, by all means introduce grayling, but not otherwise. Something might be done by conservators of fishery districts to control this habit. In good trout rivers where a close time exists, grayling should be exempted and destroyed without mercy. But, above all, it is the prevention rather than the cure which should be aimed at. It may well be that Jones does not wish or is unable to fish for trout in their season, but that he can fish in the grayling season. Is he fairly entitled to put grayling into his stretch of a river without consulting

all the riparian owners? For them it means that their trout-fishing will be spoiled; and they may not want grayling, having back-end fishing in the North and partridge-driving in Norfolk. I, the writer, am, as a fact, passionately devoted to pike-fishing at times; can I, with impunity, stock my water, say, on the Itchen, with pike, the more conveniently to indulge my hobby? Surely, if I did such a thing, I ought to be liable in heavy damages if my pike strayed and ate my neighbour's trout; and surely Jones ought to be equally liable if he puts in grayling which oust his neighbour's trout from their pet positions and snatch their favourite flies. Had I been guilty as above on the Itchen, I should, as a lawyer, of course put in a counter-claim for the benefit I had done the water by my pike eating my neighbour's grayling, and thus improving his

river. This is only a suggestion to the litigant. Were it possible for Jones to confine his grayling to his own water, no one would have any grounds of complaint; but, unfortunately, once introduced, grayling seem to thrive prodigiously and to permeate not only the stream into which they were originally put, but all its tributaries as well, and this is what makes the problem so serious a one for trout rivers and trout fishermen. However, it is too late to talk about it; the damage has already been done by happy enthusiasts, and all that can be hoped for is that the facts concerning perniciousness of grayling in trout rivers may be ventilated and made generally known to owners of fishings, and that the latter will not in the future light-heartedly pursue a course which they and others will inevitably learn to regret.

W. F. C.

IN THE

THE STORING OF FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

IN a season such as the present, when our orchards are yielding a bountiful crop of first-class fruits and our vegetable gardens a meagre supply of second-rate produce, the question of successful storing for future use is a large and, in many instances, a difficult one. The heavy crops, on the one hand, tax the amount of available space to its utmost limit, while the shortage, on the other hand, demands that we husband our supplies so that winter shall not find us totally unprovided for.

Of our fruits which require storing, only two need serious attention, viz., the Apple and Pear. Other minor fruits there are which need storing for a short time to bring out their best qualities, but these are not of sufficient importance to justify their inclusion in an article of this description. As there is a very general misunderstanding concerning the necessity for storing certain varieties of Apples and Pears, it may be of interest to add a word or two of explanation at this juncture. As all good gardeners and fruit-growers know, there are many varieties of Apples and Pears, embracing, indeed, the very best that are known, which are not in their best condition for consumption when gathered from the tree, Apple Blenheim Orange and Pear Easter Beurré being two examples that come to mind. Unless stored under suitable conditions for some considerable time after they are gathered from the trees, the exquisite flavour of these fruits is not developed. In other words, an Apple or Pear, though it may be perfectly ready for gathering, need not be, and frequently is not, in its best condition for consumption.

About the storing of these fruits there is, again, a great deal of misunderstanding, brought about, no doubt, in a large measure by the elaborate methods that are adopted in a few large gardens and fruit farms in this country. Specially-constructed houses, with shelves and storing trays so that one fruit shall not touch another, have come to be looked upon almost as a necessity; but in this year of plenty these ideal methods will perchance have to give way to less elaborate though no less practical means.

Almost any building that is cool, moderately well ventilated, dark, and in which the atmosphere does not become excessively dry will answer for the storing of the fruits under notice; but if it is intended to keep any through the whole of the winter, some provision in the way of mats must be made against frosts. Avoid hay and straw; they impart a musty flavour to the fruit. To understand fully the proper storing of Apples and Pears, we must remember that, for a few weeks after they are gathered from the tree, a sort of fermentation, or sweating, takes place, and it is during this period that the place in which they are stored must be freely ventilated and the fruits kept in as thin layers as possible. One of the most practical, and at the same time simple, methods of storing these fruits I have seen was the utilisation of the flat wooden boxes in which foreign eggs are imported to this country. These are about one foot deep, four feet six inches long and three feet in width. On the end of each a small batten, about one inch thick, was nailed, so that when the boxes were stored in tiers air could circulate between them. It is possible to store an enormous quantity of Apples in a small amount of space in this way, and, providing the fruits are carefully gathered and no unsound ones are placed in the boxes, they will keep almost, if not quite, as well as if stored in single layers. A cellar where a free circulation of air can be maintained for the first few weeks makes a good storage place; but, failing this, a stout-walled outhouse with earthen, brick or stone floor will answer equally well.

The storing of vegetables is, fortunately, much better understood in many gardens than is the storage of fruit. Roots such as Beetroot and Carrots keep well if laid on the earthen floor of a cool shed and plenty of moist sand is placed between and over them. It is only when an insufficient quantity of

GARDEN.

sand is used that the roots become shrivelled and dry. Broccoli, so much appreciated during the winter months, may be kept fresh and good for several weeks if the plants are lifted while the curds are small and placed in a frame or outhouse. Large balls of soil and roots, as well as all the sound leaves, must be retained, and other soil packed tightly round the roots when in their temporary store.

The safe keeping of Onions depends not a little on their proper ripening. I have now a number of bulbs that were grown last year, and which are still quite sound. They were overlooked in the store and, despite the excessively hot summer, showed no inclination to sprout. Generally speaking, medium-sized bulbs keep the best, and for these, as for most other vegetables, cool, well-ventilated conditions should, as far as possible, be maintained. Tomatoes, if gathered as soon as they show signs of colouring, can be kept in good condition for a considerable time if placed on cool shelves in a shaded greenhouse or cool outhouse. They will gradually ripen, and though they will not possess so brisk a flavour as fruits finished under more natural conditions, they will be much more preferable than foreign or bottled Tomatoes. The preservation of herbs and Potatoes for winter use is, happily, well understood, though in too many gardens sufficient attention is not given to the cutting and drying of the former. The successful storing of fruits and vegetables must, after all, depend largely on local circumstances; but the hints incorporated in this article can be applied, in greater or less degree, to most gardens.

F. W. H.

THE HERB GARDEN.

AT this time of year, when plans, additions and changes are being carried out, those who meditate the construction of a herb garden cannot do better than obtain a copy of the book which Mrs. Bardswell has just issued through the firm of A. and C. Black. To the best of our knowledge it represents the only attempt made so far to deal with this pleasant branch of horticulture. It would be useless to deny that this generation cares less for flavouring in its cookery than its predecessors did. Even the use of perfumes has decayed with us. No longer the fashionable hero curled and perfumed, no longer may his rival say "His essences turned the liv-ah sick." Instead, the prudent man uses a disinfectant liquid in his bath, and as often as not it is a product of coal-tar. Our great-grandfathers reckoned no disinfectants better than those culled from the herb garden. To how many fragrant herbs was this virtue ascribed! Lavender and Rosemary, Bergamot, Hyssop and Thyme—the very names suggest their uses. But Mrs. Bardswell has no difficulty in showing that the herb garden may be made very interesting to-day in spite of all changes. Her list of herbs that may be grown covers many pages, and she has charming chapters on annual and biennial pot-herbs, aromatic herbs, perennial kitchen herbs and so forth, all written with great charm, a good style and abounding knowledge. The beauty and practical value of the book are greatly enhanced by the illustrations in colour drawn by the Hon. Florence Amherst and Isabelle Forrest.

A NEW DAMSON.

Although for some unaccountable reason Damsons are not grown in our fruit gardens on so extensive a scale as they were some years ago, the fruit is still a great favourite with many, principally on account of its distinct and pleasing flavour. The chief objection to Damsons, however, has been their small size. When cooked or preserved the hard seeds or kernels were too much in evidence, and despite its unique flavour, the Damson, in some households, is seldom used. This objection has, happily, been overcome in the new variety Merryweather, raised by the firm of that name in their Southwell nurseries. This Damson produces fruits more than twice as large as any other variety in existence. Indeed, the fruits might well be taken as medium-sized late Plums. Some of these Damsons before me as I write are one and three-quarter inches long and one and a-half inches in diameter, yet the kernel is little, if any, larger than that of the ordinary, small-fruited kinds. When first seen some doubt was expressed as to the flavour of the Merryweather Damson, but this has been proved equal to the finest of the older varieties. When shown before the fruit committee of the Royal Horticultural Society a year or two ago it received an award of merit, an award that is not often bestowed upon a new fruit. In addition to its large size this Damson is a free-cropping variety and, unlike the older sorts, commences to bear when only two or three years old. The constitution of the tree is all that could be desired, and there is no doubt this new and unique Damson will, before many years have passed, find a home in every good garden in the country.

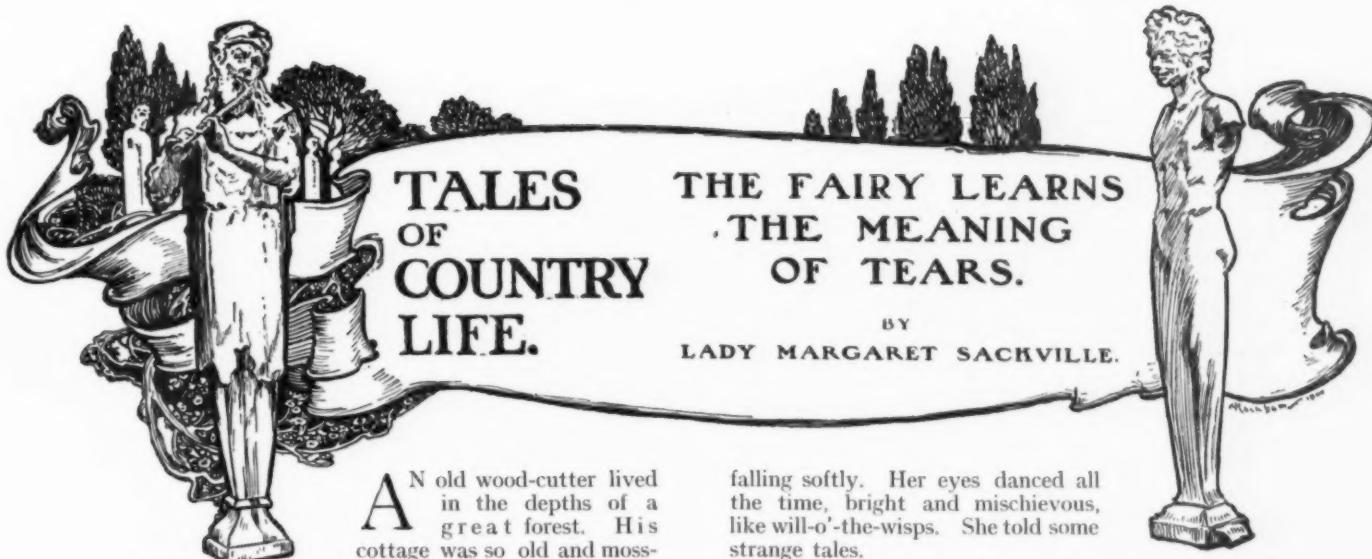
H.



Claude de Nouville.

THE WATER-SIDE COTTAGE.

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A N old wood-cutter lived in the depths of a great forest. His cottage was so old and moss-grown you could hardly dis-

tinguish it from the tree trunks among which it stood. It had a tiny garden surrounded by a green fence, and in front ran a long, disused road, which led away and away to the town; but it was now quite covered with weeds and grass, and no one but the old wood-cutter ever travelled along it. About once a month he would ride out on his grey pony to get provisions and see his friends. Nobody came to see him, but he was never lonely. His thoughts were so calm and happy that his eyes were like the sea on the calmest summer day, and his smile was so kind that nothing could possibly be afraid of him. All the wild creatures were his friends, and would run in and out of his cottage as they chose. He had a special corner of his garden planted with cabbages and carrots for the rabbits. He wore an immense pair of horn spectacles, and his beard was white and long and shone like silver in the sunlight. Altogether he was a happy old man, and his days passed calmly and uneventfully until he was nearly eighty years old.

One summer evening he was sitting in the porch reading his Bible, as his wont was, and smiling peacefully to himself, when he heard a swishing sound like a sudden little wind among pine trees. Looking up, he saw lying on the grass in front of him, her heels kicking in the air, the quaintest, prettiest creature! She had skin as white as the inside of a nut and hair as brown as fir-cones. Her eyes were like deep blue water in which green trees are reflected. She was smiling in the most mischievous way imaginable, and wore a tunic of green gossamer. When she saw the old wood-cutter she turned a somersault and disappeared. The old man was delighted and beamed, for he had always wanted to see a fairy.

"But will she come back, I wonder?" he thought to himself. "I hope so"; and he set out a saucer of thick cream, for he knew that is the way to attract fairies. But she did not come, and the rabbits drank it instead.

It was many weeks before she came again. Then one morning, as the old wood-cutter was stooping to pick strawberries, he felt his elbow tweak, and, looking up, there stood the fairy beside him. She ran away at once, however, and hid behind a rose bush, and though he offered her a handful of the finest strawberries, would not return. So it went on for some time; she would appear and disappear at unexpected moments, but no amount of coaxing would bring her nearer, for she was as shy as a bird.

The old wood-cutter was disappointed, but did not despair. At last, one evening in early autumn, when the wind blew and spattered the windows with rain, and the air was so damp that a fire became necessary, he heard, as he sat half dozing in front of it, a tiny scraping at the door, and, opening it, found the fairy crouched against it. She wore a brown hood pulled right over her head, but her feet were still bare.

"Come in," said the old wood-cutter, kindly. He was half afraid she would disappear when he spoke to her; but instead she walked demurely in and curled up like a cat in front of the fire.

The wood-cutter bowed, for he knew that fairies like to be treated with politeness. She laughed in such a way that it was like the beginning of spring, and one almost expected the chairs and tables to break into blossom. She seemed quite at home, and looked inquisitively round the room.

"Give me some cream," said the fairy.

The wood-cutter gave her a large bowlful, and she began to talk. Her voice was like the voice of the forest. Some of her words had the sound of twigs crackling, others of leaves

THE FAIRY LEARNS THE MEANING OF TEARS.

BY
LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE.

falling softly. Her eyes danced all the time, bright and mischievous, like will-o'-the-wisps. She told some strange tales.

"Why do you keep the windows so tightly closed?" she said. "Can you not hear how the winds are trying to get in? But perhaps you are afraid of them? They are all my friends. They wear gold circlets round their heads and drive great troops of horses. The horses plunge and shake their manes, and that is the noise you hear. Sometimes I spring on the back of one as he whirls past and ride and ride, and we hunt the clouds, and the horses churn up the seas with their feet. We trample on ships and houses and trees as we pass. Would you not like to ride like that, too?"

"And what else do you do?" asked the wood-cutter.

"I dance," she answered. "Do you know a clearing not very far from here where cotton-grass grows? It grows so thickly that no one would guess there was a morass beneath. There I dance all night. Lots of us dance there. We change colour and move so quickly you would think you saw a rainbow over the place. Sometimes I dance alone. If a traveller passes, I love to lure him into the very middle and leave him there. I laugh at him from behind a bush, and he sinks in the black mud."

But the old wood-cutter shook his head. "That is a cruel game," he said, "and you should not do such things. It is wicked."

"What is that?" said the fairy, "and why should I not? I do what I choose, always. But I would not treat *you* so," she cried, suddenly nestling up to the old man's knee, "for I love you, and as long as you give me cream I will come and see you very, very often."

"I am very glad to hear it," said the old wood-cutter, "for I have always wanted to know a fairy, and you shall have as much cream as you like. But where are all your companions? You are not the only fairy in this forest, surely?"

"I am tired of them," the fairy answered, "and that is why I have come to you. I want to know what human beings are like. I have only seen them from a long way off. I was shy. Now tell me all about them."

The wood-cutter talked as best he could. He told her about the towns and ships and houses, and the people who live in them, and about his own boyhood and many things he had seen and done, and the fairy listened attentively. When he had done she said:

"Now tell me some more."

But the wood-cutter was tired and could think of nothing else that night. So the fairy gave a shrill whistle and disappeared. But she came again, at all times of the day, but principally in the evening, when the wood-cutter was dozing in front of the fire. Sometimes she brought presents for her friend—stones which changed colour as you held them, and white flowers so fragile that they melted when touched into a scented mist. They would sit for hours and tell each other stories. But the wood-cutter often shook his head over hers, for she was a wild thing, without understanding of right and wrong, and had neither heart nor soul. And sometimes his tales grew serious; then the fairy would listen, her eyes wide with wonder.

"You talk about a lot of strange things," she said. "What are tears, and what does it mean to be unhappy? And sorrow? What is that? Can't you tell me?"

"You cannot understand," said the good old wood-cutter, "because you are a fairy. That is just as well—no one likes tears."

"But I might," persisted the fairy, petulantly; "besides, I wish to know. How can there be anything I should not understand?" And she stamped her foot angrily, and would not speak again that evening.

Yet every day she and the old wood-cutter grew greater friends. He called her Elva, and as time went on she became less capricious and more serious, and would ponder over the deep things he talked about, sometimes for half-an-hour together. She was also anxious to please him. She would sweep out his room with a little broom, and fold up his clothes and light the fire. "I want to become like a mortal," she said, "then I shall understand all about tears."

The old man watched her with joy, for he thought it sad she should be a soul-less fairy thing for ever. "And by degrees she may get a soul at last," he thought. He loved her dearly, and each day waited impatiently for her coming.

One morning she said she would like to ride with him to market. "Then I can see how human beings look when they are together, and perhaps they will take me for one of them."

"By all means," said the old man. So he arranged the saddle on the grey pony so that she might ride pillion, and together they started down the green track which led out of the forest.

"But you must be a good girl," said the wood-cutter, "and not play tricks on people. I will give you some money to spend. Then you can buy for yourself a little pink print pinafore, so as not to mess your pretty clothes when you are sweeping out the room"; for he was a careful old man.

Elva promised; but as they approached the town and passed other people riding along the same road she grew excited, and it was all the wood-cutter could do to keep her in the saddle. "Oh!" she cried, "are these really people? How strange they are! How heavy they are! They could never dance among the cotton-grass as I do, and they are all different shapes! Where do they live? Do they know all about tears? Oh! let me get down and talk to them!" And nothing the wood-cutter said could calm her at all.

They reached the market and attracted a great deal of attention. Elva was the prettiest thing anybody had ever seen. People smiled, and when she smiled back forgot all their troubles and thought only of whatever they liked best. She soon lost the wood-cutter, who had turned aside for a moment to discuss some business matter, and darted away, making friends with everyone she met. There was little marketing done that morning. She cast a spell on all she spoke to, so that for the moment they forgot everything. Some thought her a little strange Princess, and offered her fruit and flowers. When the old wood-cutter, missing her from his side, and anxious, found her at last, she was dancing. The crowd had formed a circle round her and was watching her, fascinated. She moved like a dragon-fly skimming over still water on a hot summer day, and her garments changed colour as she danced till she seemed a living opal. The King's son, who was riding through the town, stopped at the edge of the crowd and watched her. But no one saw him. He was a grave young man, who seldom smiled, and as he watched Elva he felt as though she were drawing the heart out of him in one long, unbroken thread, and winding it as she danced. When she stopped it lay in her hand, and he knew he must follow her for ever. All around was laughter and happiness; but now the old wood-cutter broke through the crowd and insisted on Elva coming away. The old man was angry; he hardly knew why; but his soul was grieved, because he saw she was, after all, but a wild pagan thing, and would remain so for ever. When the Prince saw them departing, he mounted his horse. "I am coming, too," he said. And the old wood-cutter bowed and said nothing, for his heart was heavy and he knew not what to do, and that the King's son must have his way. So they started.

Elva laughed and talked merrily all the way home, and mocked the wood-cutter for being so grave, and spoke gaily to the King's son. He rode beside them and spoke no word, for he thought of his heart, which lay in Elva's hands. Suddenly she stopped, vexed, in the middle of her laughter. "I have not yet found out what tears are," she said. "I tried to buy some at the market, but no one could sell me any. Can you tell me?" And she turned to the Prince, who knew not what to reply.

From this moment things were changed. There was an old ruined castle not far from the wood-cutter's cottage, in a thick part of the forest, where none had lived for many hundreds of years, and here the King's son made his dwelling. He found a room half roofed in, though the wind whistled through it and the walls were green with damp. But he cared nothing. Elva was glad of her new playmate, and visited the wood-cutter but seldom. With the Prince she did what she would. She plagued him and tormented him, for she did not love him, and sometimes she would disappear for days together. Then he would sit motionless in his grey chamber, waiting without life or thought till she should come again. The wood-cutter, when he saw Elva, spoke sternly to her, for he knew she was behaving wickedly. But she had become a wild thing once more, and

only laughed and darted away. Yet she still longed to know the meaning of tears, and when the King's son tried to explain, she grew angry and was cruel to him because she could not understand. So things went on through the hot months till midsummer.

"We will dance to-night," she said. The Prince, whose love had become an hourly torture, followed her without a word. They started before midnight for a place just outside the forest—a land half marsh, half meadow—thick with sweet-scented flowers. Elva was in a kindly mood.

"Ah! how I love you," the Prince said, and his voice was broken like water.

"You shall dance with me all night," said Elva, "then I will love you too." But she did not understand the meaning of her words.

"Till the stars fall," cried the Prince, "only love me."

"But you must not falter once," said Elva. So they danced among the meadow-sweet under the white summer moon.

That was a wild dance. Elva could not tire. Ever more frenzied she grew, flying hither and thither till she seemed to become transparent and hardly distinguishable from the moon-rays. The Prince followed her till he could see her no longer, for fire was in his eyes and all his blood had turned to fire.

"Have mercy!" he cried.

"The dance has only just begun," laughed Elva.

"And will you love me afterwards?" he gasped.

"If you dance to the end."

"Then to the end—so be it"; but as he spoke he dropped down dead.

"You have lost!" cried Elva, and went on dancing. But when the Prince did not speak or stir, she went up to him.

At first she was angry, then wondered. She touched his hand. "It is cold, cold," she cried, shivering. Then she looked up. On the other side of the body crouched the spirit of the Prince, gazing at her with mournful eyes.

"Oh! help me back again!" moaned the spirit, "for it is not my time yet to leave the earth."

"Oh! what can I do?" said Elva, "for you are white and thin as water, and I cannot bear to see you so. Do be as you were before and dance with me!"

"It is your fault—your fault," lamented the spirit.

"Then wait," said Elva; and she hastened to the old wood-cutter. When she had told him all, he looked sternly at her.

"You have slain him," he said, "and there is no calling back soul to flesh again. Go, for you are but a heartless thing. He is happy, and has escaped from you."

"But shall I never see him again? Shall I never play with him again?" cried Elva. Then she grew angry with the wood-cutter. "I will not lose him," she said, and turned away.

Now there was a witch who lived on the other side of the forest. She was so old that she could not move hand or foot, and so terrible that the forest had withered away five miles round her dwelling. To her Elva came and implored her help.

"I can give you a potion," cried the witch, in a voice so dreadful that the dead branches of the trees outside cracked and moaned, "which can call back the spirit to the body wherever it may be, but you must give me three tears of yours to mingle with it, or it may be of no use."

"I do not know what tears are," cried Elva, sadly, "so I cannot."

"After all, it does not matter," said the witch; "take the potion and be gone." And she put into Elva's hand a glass ball small as a yewberry and bright crimson, and Elva went back the way she came.

She found the Prince's body white and cold under the moon, and the soul still moaning beside it. She pierced the glass ball with a thorn, and placed the crimson drop she found in it between his lips. Then the spirit seemed to spread over the whole body like a soft grey mist, which it absorbed at every pore. The Prince stirred. Slowly his cheeks grew red and his hands warm. Elva cried aloud with joy. "Now we will play again together, and I will love you." He rose slowly to his feet. She cried to him again, but he did not seem to hear. Death had changed him so that he could not even remember what had passed. He moved away blindly, as one in a trance. Elva called to him in vain. Soon he was out of hearing of her voice.

"Oh! why has he left me so?" she said. Then suddenly her eyes grew dim. "What is happening? I cannot see clearly, and my eyes burn like fire." Little shining drops were rolling down her cheeks. "Are these tears?" she said. "Ah! now I understand"; and she sat very still where the Prince had lain, staring straight before her, while the tears fell more and more quickly from her eyes.

MR. P. B. VANDER BYL'S COLLECTION.

TO those who take an interest in big game and matters pertaining thereto there are few names more familiar than that of Mr. P. B. Vander Byl, one of the founders of the Shikar Club. His collection contains specimens of nearly one hundred different species of animals, ranging from the giant moose of Alaska to the tiny dik-dik of Somaliland. Sixteen years ago on the shores of Lake Hawea in far-off North Otago his first victim fell, a small New Zealand stag, from whose horns still hang the remains of the 12-bore Paradox bullet which killed him. Since then his owner has undertaken one, and usually two annual trips among the untrodden ways, possessing as a result a collection of trophies which for general excellence and variety is hardly to be beaten.

Kashmir, one of his favourite hunting-grounds, even though game is not very plentiful, still remains one of the most beautiful spots which a man can visit. The excellent game laws which are now in force lead one to hope that from a sporting point of view it has seen its worst days. In addition to three earlier trips, Mr. Vander Byl has shot there twice during the past twelve months. In the earlier part of 1910 he obtained a magnificent barasingh (*Cervus cashmirianus*), which is all but a world's record—length, 47½ in.; beam, 6 in.; span, 39 in.; points, 6 by 6. Returning to India last October he added a serow (*Nemorhaedus sumatrensis*), an oorial from the Salt Range (*Ovis vignei Blanfordi*), a good sambhur (*Cervus unicolor typicus*), and a larger tiger (*Felis tigris*) than any he had previously obtained.

In addition to other Asiatic heads, his collection contains wapiti (*Cervus canadensis songaricus*), Siberian argali (*Ovis ammon typica*), a markhor from Chilas (*Capra Falconeri typica*), a good ibex (*Capra sibirica*)—length, 54½ in.; circumference, 11½ in.; tip to tip, 29 in.—gooral (*Urotragus goral*), a near relative of the serows, and a fine specimen of a tahr (*Hemitragus jemlaicus*), a triumph of Rowland Ward's art. He was obtained by shooting over the edge of a precipice while a shikari held on to the stalker's legs! Mr. Vander Byl considers mountain stalking almost the highest form of sport, and will find many to agree with him, for the triumph of securing a good head after days, and perhaps weeks, of patient following and watching is unsurpassed. Probably the Thian Shan and other ranges of Central Asia offer the finest field for mountain shooting at present. It is to be hoped that the troubles in Russia which seem to threaten their continued existence will pass off.

Though a small trophy, the good specimen of the Altai race of the goitred gazelle (*Gazella subgutturosa*)—length, 10½ in.; circumference, 4 in.; tip to tip, 6½ in.—deserves some mention, for these gazelles are rarely found in collections of big game. The



TIGER SHOT AT MIRZAPUR, 1911.

horns of this little antelope are relatively larger and more divergent than those of the Mongolian gazelle (*Gazella gutturosa*), so named from the swollen condition of the bucks' throats during the breeding season. The smaller antelope is found in considerable numbers on the open plains of parts of Central Asia. It is very wild and usually gives a long shot. In a ravine, where he was cut off, lay the undoing of this particular specimen.

Even higher than mountain stalking, Mr. Vander Byl reckons lion tracking on foot in such a country as Somaliland, where the soil is light and the spoor not too difficult to follow. This country is now closed to sportsmen, but, in spite of the fact that we have armed the friendly natives with rifles, still abounds with lions. It seems somewhat strange that so fine a sportsman and so fearless a hunter as the Somali does not seem to care to hunt lions. An almost unique adventure with a lion is best told in Mr. Vander Byl's own words: "I think the only other occasion (the previous one being in connection with the death of two big moose which I shall relate further on) on which I have taken an unfair advantage of an animal was once in Africa when I shot a lion asleep, and I have always regretted that circumstances prevented my waking him up first and giving him a chance. I had been following this same lion by tracking more or less for three days, sleeping on the trail. On the evening of the third day the track led into a very dense and thorny jungle, where we had to stoop and almost go on hands and knees in order to get along at all. My Midgan tracker suddenly stopped, grabbed me by the arm and pointed about fifteen yards ahead. There I saw the lion lying asleep on his side with his back towards me! I had to kneel down to avoid the intervening twigs, and my '577 bullet severed the spinal column, stopping under the skin of his chest. He never even stretched his limbs, and a faint breeze just stirred what mane he had. I could not believe him really dead, so took my '303 from my gun-bearer and fired a second shot before approaching."

His skin and head now repose in a glass case in one corner of the African room, in company with those of other lions, tigers and, in the middle of the top shelf, a leopard. This beast has an interesting history, as he very nearly did for his slayer. As it was, he mauled him so badly that he had to be carried back to Kalomo, in North-West Rhodesia, and spent three weeks in hospital. Close by is the axe, of native manufacture, with which his faithful gun-bearer killed the animal. This episode might have had a much more tragic ending, for the only shot which Mr. Vander Byl had time to fire while the leopard was charging hit him in the mouth and knocked out one of his eye-teeth, though it did not stop him. Everyone has his own particular views on weapons, and though a small-bore, high-velocity rifle is much more easily handled than a heavy double



TAHR, KISHWAR, 1910.

rifle, many accidents which have occurred owing to the use of the former may have been due to a wound which would never have been inflicted with the latter. There is no doubt that, on the whole, a heavy double 450, or some similar weapon, is the most useful firearm to have in one's hands when after dangerous game. If a second shot is wanted, it is needed very quickly, so quickly that even the moment of time necessary to eject the empty cartridge from a repeater and reload may prove the hunter's undoing.

In another corner of the African room is the head of a Cape buffalo (*Bos caffer*), which tossed and killed Mr. Vander Byl's horse in Portuguese East Africa. It still contains a bullet in its horn which, had it been three inches lower, might have saved the accident. It is interesting to compare Mr. Vander Byl's views on dangerous game with those set forth by Mr. Selous in his "African Nature Notes and Reminiscences." The former considers the African buffalo and leopard the two worst beasts to tackle; the latter, if my memory is correct, places the lion first. Owing to the thickness of the jungle which they inhabit, there would probably be far more accidents with tigers were it not for the fact that they are usually killed from the back of an elephant or from a machan, points of vantage where but little danger is incurred, provided that a wounded beast is not followed up too soon.

The lechwe (*Cobus lechwe*)—length, 29in.; circumference, 8in.; tip to tip, 19 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.—was discovered by Livingstone when travelling with

Murray and Cotton Osswell to Lake Ngami in 1849. Very like a water-buck, it is slighter and more gracefully built, and is a bright rufous or foxy red in colour. Mr. Vander Byl obtained his specimen on the flats of the Kafue, a branch of the Zambezi. The burnt grass renders stalking in this part of the country rather like a crawl over the surface of a frying-pan, and shots have usually to be taken at long ranges. Another fine trophy is a Norwegian reindeer (*Rangifer tarandus*), obtained in 1907 in company with Mr. F. C. Selous. Reindeer inhabit



LECHWE, NORTH-WEST RHODESIA, 1905.



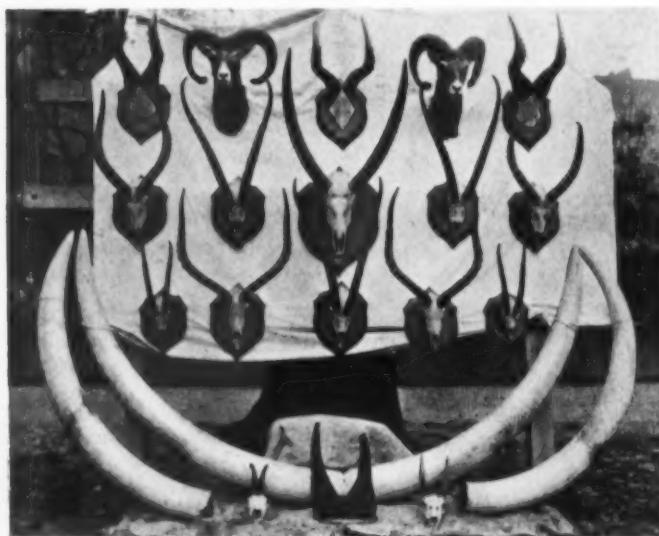
CAPRA CYLINDRICORNIS, CAUCASUS, 1907.

fine wild country; but Mr. Vander Byl did not find them very difficult to approach, though he killed some good heads. Both circumstances may in part be accounted for by the fact that it was the first open season for five years. No magazine rifles are now allowed to be used in Norway for reindeer-shooting; the bore must not be smaller than .475 and no movable backsights are permitted. The latter regulation seems an extraordinary one, as it would certainly not stop the unscrupulous sportsman taking long shots.

A Sinaitic ibex (*Capra sinaitica*) was killed in the cliffs five hundred feet above the Dead Sea, almost within a day's journey of Jerusalem. It is a curious fact that a beast like an ibex, usually associated in the mind of a sportsman with great heights, should have been killed quite seven hundred feet below the level of the sea, for the Dead Sea lies some twelve hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean. Mr. Vander Byl is one of the few sportsmen who have shot the Western tur of the Caucasus (*Capra caucasica*). The measurements of his best head are: Length, 33 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.; circumference, 12 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. The only occasion on which he killed a beast and, owing to the nature of the ground, was compelled to leave it, occurred when after these animals. He shot a finer buck than any in his possession, which, unfortunately, fell dead on so narrow a ledge that it had to be left, though Mr. Vander Byl spent a day and a half trying to retrieve it. The length of skull of the Caucasian stag is particularly noticeable when compared with other species

of red deer, though not so long as those obtained in Northern Persia. Of the former animal Mr. Vander Byl possesses a fair specimen in the shape of a fourteen-pointer.

North America is represented by wapiti (*Cervus canadensis*); a fine specimen of the pronghorn antelope (*Antilocapra americana*), killed on Green River in 1901—length, 15 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.; circumference, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; tip to tip, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; white bighorn (*Ovis canadensis dalli*); and a couple of big Kenai moose (*Alces machlisis gigas*), to which I have already alluded. Mr. Vander



TOTAL BAGS, 1902 AND 1903.



Byl had been hunting for about a fortnight in thick timber without seeing a head worth shooting, and was waiting one evening on the mountain-side just above timber-line, in the hope of seeing a good bull come out to feed. A terrific uproar suddenly

arose in the forest below him, and when he and his hunter rushed to the spot, they found a tremendous battle going on between two big bulls. Mr. Vander Byl shot them both.

FRANK WALLACE.

AN AGRICULTURAL LABOURER'S DAY.



SEED-TIME

AT half-past four of a winter's morning, George Ling, a farm labourer living in the village of Little Piggleton-on-the-Marsches, gets up to face the day's work. He dresses by the light and warmth of a tallow candle, and, leaving his wife and family abed, goes out, fasting, to feed the horses. With brain bemused and a bad taste in his mouth—for he, his wife, and two of the children have been sleeping in a seven-foot cubicle where the windows will not open—he plods stolidly along the rutty lanes to the stables half a mile away. By six o'clock he is home again, sitting down to a breakfast of bread and butter

and tea. His meal finished, he goes back to the stables, and at seven he leads forth his team of big, upstanding chestnuts.

Now is the time to sketch him, for he is at his best. The sweet, clean morning air has blown away the vapours of the night; his breakfast, frugal though it was, has braced him up; and he now moves about in a manner that, were it not for the weight of his ten-pound boots, would be almost sprightly. He is of medium height, sturdy in build, and is clad in a suit of ready-made moleskin that effectually hides from view any grace of outline he may happen to possess. A strong, slow man



"HIS BIG, UPSTANDING CHESTNUTS."



B. Loundes.

THE KINDLY FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

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is Ling, with a steady eye, a square chin, an impassive face ; strong and slow in body, and strong and slow in mind ; plainly, if his looks do not lie, a man hard to move, moved only by simple and practical needs, but, once set going, hard to stop ; a man lacking in quick, alert intelligence, but with plenty of steadfastness and stamina. He, and such as he, are the raw material of great nations. Is the supply giving out ?

From seven till eleven Ling is at work on the farm, ploughing, harrowing, cleaning out ditches, carting turnips for the cattle, or doing any other job that calls for the united labour of horse and man. At eleven he pulls up for a few minutes under the shelter of the nearest hedge, and eats his "bait," or lunch, of bread and cheese, and beer or cold tea. Three o'clock finds him once more at the stables, where he stalls and feeds his horses.



M. J. R.

ANXIOUS FOR THEIR PORTRAITS.

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Then he goes home to his own dinner. Twice a week this consists of pork from the salt-tub, suet dumplings, and potatoes or cabbage. On the remaining days he omits the pork and confines his attention to the dumplings and vegetables; or dines on bread and bacon, or bread and cheese, with a raw onion by way of relish. It is only once a month that his wife can afford to roast for him a scrap of beef or mutton. His drink at dinner is beer. It never goes to his head. His wife brews it, and it costs her twopence a gallon. At five he returns to the stables and beds down his horses for the night. By half-past six he is back at his own fireside, drinking weak tea out of his saucer and eating bread and butter, or, if his wife is in good humour, a steaming plate of dripping toast.

Such is the outline of one of Ling's working days. It has, however, its variations. It begins half-an-hour earlier in summer, and in harvest-time it lasts till eight or nine at night. Then, once a fortnight, comes a welcome break in the form of a journey to the market town ten miles away. There is the garden, too. As this is a quarter of an acre in extent, it takes up a great deal

to reap and stack the corn harvest on contract. This system adds to a horseman's income some three or four pounds per annum, the amount fluctuating according to the state of the weather and the condition of the crops. This extra three or four pounds must buy the wearing apparel and defray all other expenses whatsoever.

In the evenings Ling and his wife hold many discussions as to the best method of economising their resources, and it says much for their joint management that, after fifteen years of married life, they are not more than a few pounds in debt. The struggle to make both ends meet is a keen one. It falls more heavily upon the wife than upon the husband, for the former finds a daily respite in his vocation, while the latter has the situation always with her. Then, too, the wife is by nature a Martha—she worries, while the husband is constitutionally predisposed to let things slide.

To many men Ling's life would be intolerable. The man himself does not find it so. He loves the wide, sandy lanes, the great levels of arable land, the breezy commons, the desolate marshes and all the familiar features of his native landscape,



Miss Ella Tomlinson.

WHAT WILL HE LIVE TO BE?

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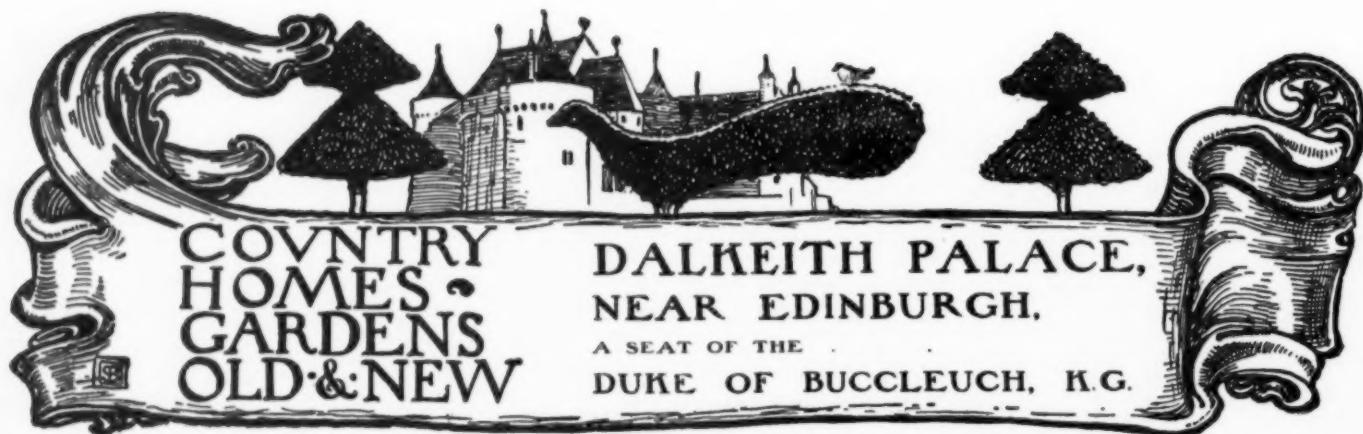
of time, for Ling, like most of his neighbours, is "garden-proud," and keeps his ground in a high state of cultivation. He grows abundant crops of potatoes, cabbages, onions, celery, parsnips, lettuce, etc., and these, in their seasons, furnish a valuable addition to the family diet, and also to that of the indispensable pig.

Being a "horseman," Ling receives somewhat better wages than the rank and file around him; but even he draws every Saturday no more than thirteen shillings. Of this sum half-a-crown goes for rent, another half-a-crown for fire and lights, a shilling to the Medical Attendance Fund, and one-and-sixpence to the sick club. There is thus left for weekly disposal exactly five shillings and sixpence. The odd sixpence is put aside for tobacco and other personal luxuries. The whole of the five shillings is laid out on food, and, seeing that the household consists of eight persons—husband, wife and six children—the expenditure does not seem excessive; in fact, were it not for the garden and the pig, the thing could not be done at the price.

But what about the heavy items of boots and clothing? Well, it is the custom in this part of the country for the labourers

and he loves them deeply. He would not tell you this if you questioned him. He has never told it to himself, for his thoughts are very dim and well-nigh inarticulate. But it is true, nevertheless; and when chances of town employment at double the country wages have presented themselves, he has always declined them, for he feels he could not bear to leave the place where he was born. Dearly also does he love his family, his horses, his garden, his succession of pigs, his pipe of Ipswich shag as he exchanges news with his neighbours or spells out the weekly paper, and the county mixture of gin and beer—when he can get it. Untroubled by the itch of ambition, he sets himself deliberately, reposefully, to extract enjoyment from simple pleasures.

Apostles of progress now and then come and din into his ears that his lethargy is ignoble, and political agitators tell him, just before a General Election, that he is a down-trodden slave. He listens, and goes so far as to acknowledge, with a wistful look, that he *would* be all the better for another half-a-crown a week. But he knows very well that he is doing congenial work in congenial surroundings, and, with the world as it is, that is saying a great deal.



THE early history of the Buccleuch family is inextricably mixed with the wild doings of the Scottish Border. The original home of the Scots was Kirkurd in Peeblesshire. From 1420, however, till the middle of the seventeenth century their principal residence was Branxholm Tower; but this has long lost the rugged character that made it fit those lawless times, and part of it was altered in the eighteenth century. The creation of the Buccleuch dukedom is bound up with the vain and tragic life of James Duke of Monmouth and Buccleuch, and Dalkeith Palace, as we see it now, is essentially the home of the dukedom. We may, however, first peer backwards into the welter of national disorder which followed the tragedy of Flodden. Less than a year after James IV. had fallen on that stricken field, his feather-headed widow, Margaret, married Angus. Eleven months later Albany was regent and guardian of the infant Princes. As the years went by, Arran and Albany, Margaret and Angus, schemed and quarrelled and fought, always with Henry VIII. of England in the background pulling every string of trickery that subtle statesmanship suggested. It is not until early on a November morning in 1524 that history shows us Scott of

Buccleuch riding into Edinburgh to take a hand in these intricate games. His aim was to seize the boy King, James V., but the plot failed. Two years later, at Melrose Bridge, he was out with the same intent. Such stormy waters could not be sailed without some risk, and in 1530 Buccleuch was prisoner of James, but not for long. In December of 1542, soon after the smashing blow at Solway Moss, Mary Stuart Queen of Scots was born, and James V., a young but broken man, dropped weary into his grave. We get a glimpse of Buccleuch in 1545 fighting brilliantly at Ancrum Moor; but six years later the sturdy life came to an end in a blood feud at Edinburgh. In 1570 the next Buccleuch was busy after the Border fashion. The day after the murder of the Regent Murray, Buccleuch and Ferniehurst, accompanied by a band of English rebels, and with their own moss-troopers clattering behind them, were raiding over the Border, slaying and burning. Elizabeth was furious, but little Buccleuch cared, and who in Scotland was willing or able to restrain him?

The last years of the sixteenth century were busy ones for the Buccleuch men. We know that Scott of Buccleuch was plotting vigorously in 1595 with Cessford for a stout and lively



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DALKEITH PALACE FROM THE NORTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE DUCHESS' SITTING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

companion, in every bedevilment that Border methods knew. In 1596 he made the great *coup* that is enshrined for ever in a deathless ballad. Kimmont Willie had been captured by the English—a dishonourable trick, for it was during a time of truce—and lay fettered in the castle at Carlisle. From that captivity Buccleuch rescued him, to the great wrath of Elizabeth and the huge delight of Scotsmen. However, we may not linger over the records of those enchanting days, for they do not bear directly on the story of the Palace of Dalkeith. The father of the lady with whom we are most concerned was Francis, second Earl of

Buccleuch. He was fighting with the Covenanters in 1644 on the side of the English Parliament, but does not seem to have been very active or successful. At the Restoration of Charles II. the head of the family was Anne, Countess in her own right and a child. Her elder sister, Mary, had died in 1659, but of the vast complexity of intrigue that gathered round her marriage there is no need to write here. Heiress to ten thousand a year, the largest fortune in Scotland, and destined to be still richer on the death of her mother, who had become Countess of Wemyss, there was some competition to secure Anne as a wife. General

Monck, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, was a friend of the Buccleuchs, and, it is believed, made his final decision to support the Restoration in the room which is now the dining-room at Dalkeith. It seems clear at least that as Governor of Scotland he occupied a suite of rooms in the Buccleuch Castle, some parts of which were incorporated in the present Palace. It may be noted here that the Castle originally belonged to the Grahams, but later to the Douglases. Unfortunately, space does not allow the telling of the story of Dalkeith when it was a Douglas hold, though its capture by Cardinal Beaton (for example) in 1543 is an interesting point in the history of that eventful year. We must return to Albemarle. He is said to have contemplated a match between his own son and the little heiress; but either her extreme youth prevented any steps being taken or he never seriously pressed the idea. In the July of 1662 there came to England the King's illegitimate son by Lucy Walters, and was received at Hampton Court with open arms under the name of James Crofts. The Duchess of Cleveland was not a little irritated at the affection lavished on him, at the expense of her own children, and by way of ingenious revenge absorbed the boy herself. Anthony Hamilton is malicious enough to say that the King hurried on his son's marriage to save him from the contamination of her influence. In any case, Lauderdale was quick to see that the boy, though then only thirteen, had a career in front of him, and suggested that the estate of the child Countess of Buccleuch would be a convenient adjunct. Albemarle agreed and the King approved. The Countess of Wemyss was more than delighted, as she had long been working to this end. The difficulty was that the boy had no name. His fiancée's mother pressed that he should be ennobled; but Puritanism was not yet drowned by the rising tide of licence at Court. The Lord Chancellor objected to the "ill sound" of it, and said that the name of Earl of Buccleuch, to which he would be entitled, was name enough. Two months later the



THE FIREPLACE IN "LODGE LOW."

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"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A PAINTED GLASS OVERMANTEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

watchful Pepys notices the boy, "a most pretty spark," at Somerset House, then the Queen-Mother's Palace, and guesses his age to be about fifteen. Nor was there delay in bringing his little bride to Court, for the diarist was at Whitehall on December 29th, "walking up and down the gallery seeing the ladies, the two Queens and the Duke of Monmouth with his little mistress, which is very little, and like my brother-in-law's wife." The future Duchess was then only thirteen, but must have been a lively girl, for Pepys notes her with Lady Castlemaine as being among the best dancers at the Court. Evidently by this date the King had decided to follow the French fashion, for we note the boy is already called Duke of Monmouth, though it was not until nearly two months later that he formally received the title. On April 20th, 1663, took place the marriage of the pair of children in the King's Chamber at Whitehall, and there followed a great supper and dance at the Duke's lodgings near Charing Cross. Monmouth took his wife's surname of Scott at once, and they were created by Letters Patent Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and Earl and Countess of



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THE STAIRCASE HALL.

"C.L."

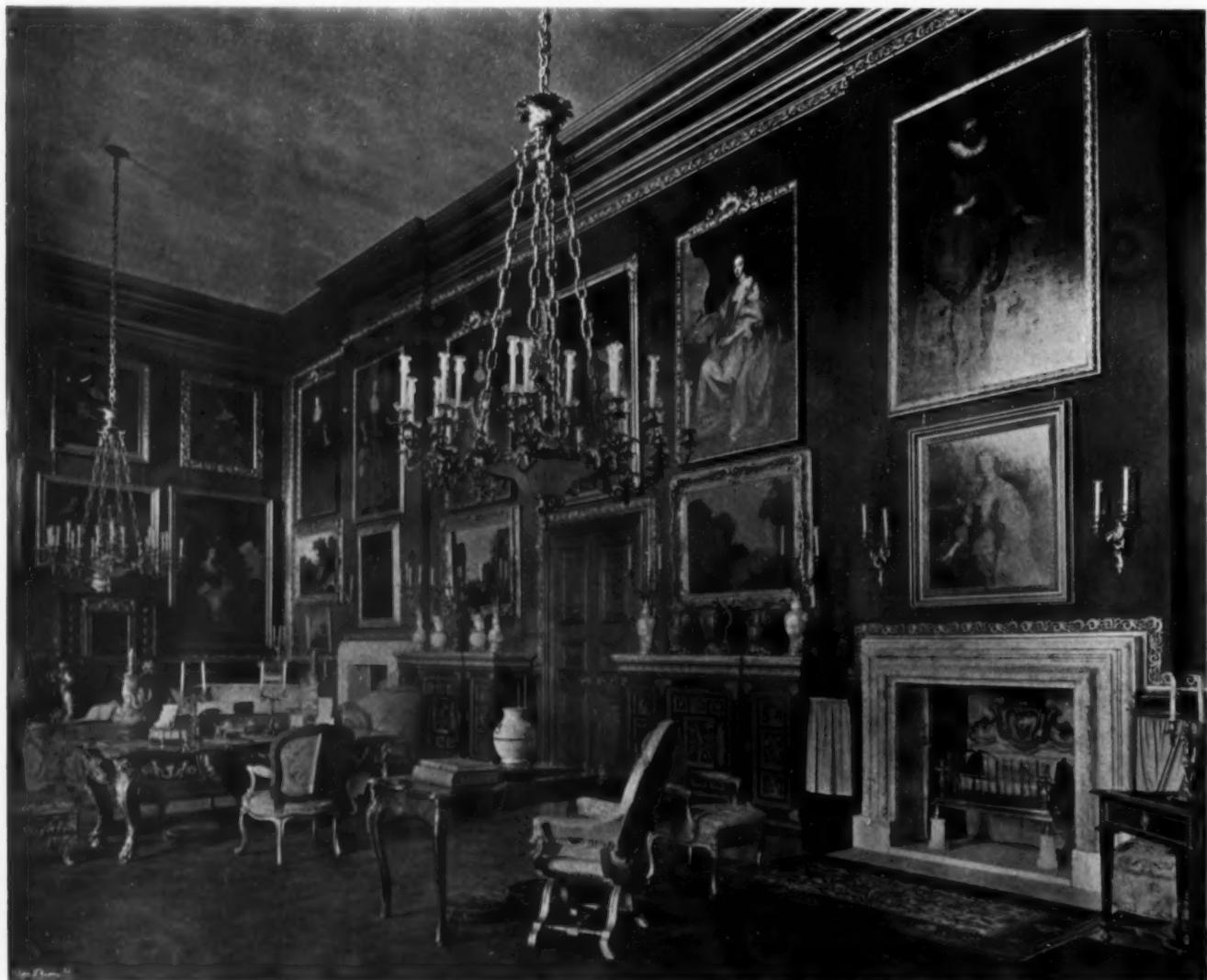
Dalkeith. By a re-grant of 1666 Anne received the titles in her own right, and the forfeiture of Monmouth in 1685 did not affect her. There was no issue of the marriage until August, 1672, the Duchess being then twenty-two; but the first child died, and James Earl of Dalkeith was not born until 1674. He never succeeded to the dukedom, for his mother was Duchess in her own right, and outlived him many years. To Henry Earl of Deloraine, her second surviving son, Monmouth seems to have bequeathed in large measure the exquisite grace of manner which belonged to his Royal ancestors.

In Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel* the poet suggests that the King permitted the Scott marriage at Monmouth's own desire:

To all his wishes nothing he denied
And made the charming Annabel his bride.

The estimate of Hamilton that Monmouth was the universal terror of husbands is doubtless a true one. Whether, however, he early showed his wife any marked neglect does not appear.

At all events, they were acting together at Court in "The Indian Emperour" in January of 1668, and, oddly enough, the only



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THE GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

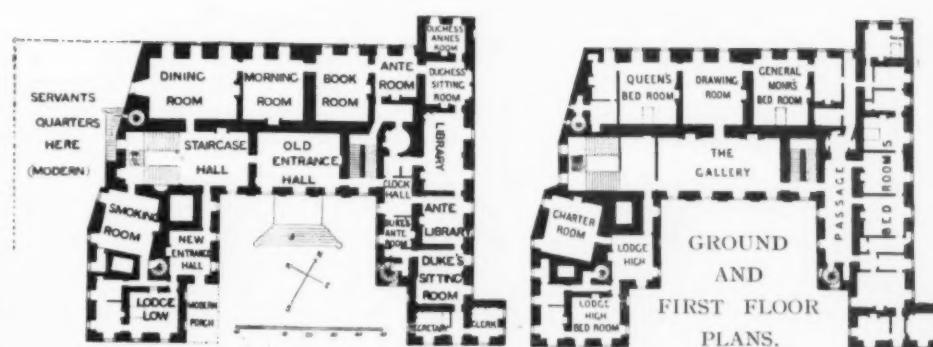
other amateur that did well besides the Duchess was Henrietta Cornwallis, whose brother became Anne's second husband. The same year her favourite pleasure caused her to sprain her hip, "which," as the sympathetic Pepys says, "is a sad chance for a young lady to get, only by trying of tricks in dancing." The surgeons do not seem to have been very successful, and the Duchess went lame for the rest of her life.

Into the devious play of plot and counter-plot by which Monmouth and the Duke of York were set against each other, as heads respectively of the Protestant and Catholic factions, we need go no further than to note that the Duchess Anne does not seem to have taken any part in the intrigues designed to secure the succession to Monmouth. In March of 1673 John Evelyn was dining with Lord Arlington. The Monmouths were there; and Evelyn writes of the Duchess: "She is one of the wisest and craftiest of her sex, and has much wit." At this time Anne was only twenty-three. Six years later, in June, 1679, she makes the same impression on Henry Sidney: "She is very assuming and witty but hath little sincerity." It appeared to Sidney even that the King's displeasure with Monmouth at that time was due to "some pretensions that he had in his head, which he hath been put on by his wife." The weight of evidence seems, however, to be against Sidney's view and in favour of Anne. A few weeks later Sidney is at Windsor, and notes that Anne called Monmouth "Sir." By this time she must have realised to the full the shallow, dissolute weakling she had for husband. Sheffield Duke of Buckinghamshire (whom we considered in the article on Normanby Park) has left it on record that Monmouth was "ever engaged in some amour," and his shameless conduct in relation to Lady Henrietta Wentworth gave the Duchess ample grounds for coldness.

The story of Monmouth's rebellion and failure is not part of the Buccleuch history; but in so far as his death affected the Duchess, the doings of July, 1685, must not be ignored. When he lay in the Tower the Duchess Anne visited him, but he received her coldly and flouted his devotion to Lady Wentworth in her face. Despite the reference in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*:

For she had known adversity
Though born in such a high degree
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody
tomb,

one result of this behaviour was that he died excommunicate, and it is difficult to imagine that his widow felt any immoderate grief. Her behaviour, however, at the interview was dignified, and Monmouth admitted that she had never spoken a cross word save on two grounds only—his women and his unsatisfactory attitude to his father.



It seems, on the whole, clear that Anne's influence on her husband was good and wise, and that Monmouth would have been saved from his mad invasion and attempt on his uncle's throne if he had not, in his infatuation for Lady Wentworth, been for some time out of the range of Anne's steady advice. It was on pressure from her that Monmouth made such confessions



Copyright.

IN THE BOOKROOM.

to the King at the discovery of the Rye House Plot as saved his neck; but with Monmouth's adventure Anne had nothing to do until the day before it ended at the block on Tower Hill. James had always been her friend, and was satisfied that she was altogether unconcerned in Monmouth's rebellion. Though he had sent their children to the Tower on Monmouth

York and Monmouth, Anne seems to have been particularly friendly to the former, and used her power to secure reconciliations between her husband and the King and Duke of York after the recurring tempests caused by Monmouth's braggart folly. Indeed, Monmouth's early advancement in the Army was largely due to Anne's influence with James. Sheffield Duke of Buckinghamshire suggests that James' chief desire was to convert Anne to Rome. "Whether this familiarity of theirs was contrived or only connived at by the Duke of Monmouth himself is hard to determine. But I remember that after these two princes had become declared enemies the Duke of York one day told me, with some emotion, as conceiving it a new mark of his nephew's insolence, that he had forbidden his wife to receive any more visits from him." Buckinghamshire, not a bad judge in such matters, replied to James that, little as he liked Monmouth, he agreed that there was just cause of complaint, upon which James "changed the discourse immediately." Perhaps for once he had taken a liking to a pretty woman as a change from the hideous creatures whom he usually honoured with his intimacy.

In 1688, three years after Monmouth was beheaded, the Duchess married Charles Lord Cornwallis. It would appear that her principal English home after 1670 was Moor Park, Rickmansworth, bought in that year by Monmouth. Carte tells us that when Monmouth was forbidden the Court he would retire to Moor Park, where a day's conversation with his lady made him repent his conduct. Despite the fact that her chief home was at Dalkeith from 1701, she did not sell Moor Park until 1720. Although with Monmouth's death there also perished her vague chance of becoming a Queen, she was, as Dr. Johnson wrote, "remarkable for inflexible perseverance in her demand to be treated as a princess." In some charters granted by her to the town of Dalkeith, she described herself, not too modestly, as "Mighty Princess." Her relatives while dining with her at Dalkeith were graciously permitted to be seated, but the rest of the guests stood. Pages attended her and served her kneeling. By Cornwallis she had a son and two daughters. In 1712 we find her continuing the patronage of poets, which Dryden so much appreciated, by taking Gay into her service as secretary, and in that employ he remained two years.



After a painting by

ELIZABETH DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH.

Sir Joshua Reynolds.

proclaiming himself King, Anne was left alone, and only went to the Tower voluntarily to look after her only surviving daughter, Anne, who died there four weeks after Monmouth was executed.

The relationship between Anne and the Duke of York is difficult to understand. Despite the cordial hatred between

We get an interesting glimpse of the later years of the Duchess Anne in the Diary of Lady Cowper, Lady of the Bedchamber to Caroline of Anspach. On March 10th, 1716, Lady Cowper supped with the Princess, and the Duchess was there. She regaled the company with reminiscences of the Court of

Charles II., and in particular with the story of his last hours. A shrewd judge of human nature, she was insistent that Charles had, long before his death, grown weary of the Duchess of Portsmouth, an awkward state of things he could not solve by the simple process of discarding her, owing to the support she had from the French Court. The Duchess Anne seems to have made herself very agreeable to the Princess of Wales, for Lady Cowper adds, "The Duchess of Monmouth used to be often there; the Princess loved her mightily and certainly no Woman of her Years ever deserved it so well. She had all the Life and Fire of Youth, and it was marvellous to see that the many Afflictions she had suffered had not touched her Wit and good Nature, but at upwards of Threescore she had both in their full Perfection."

Anne lived on until 1732, when she died in London aged eighty-two, and was buried at Dalkeith.

A notable woman, who sailed through the troubled waters of her life with singular skill and aplomb, she looks down on us from above the fireplace in the dining-room at Dalkeith with a winning and kindly smile, which seems in later years to have alternated rather freely with a somewhat vigorous temper. She was succeeded in the dukedom by her grandson, Francis. His son married Lady Caroline Campbell, through whom eventually Caroline Park and Granton became part of the Buccleuch estates, but he did not live to be Duke. Henry, the third Duke (1746-1812), succeeded at the age of five, and had Adam Smith for tutor. Marrying Lady Elizabeth Montagu, the only surviving daughter of the Duke of Montagu, he brought the Montagu possessions into the family. He also became heir of "old Q." the Duke of Queensberry, in 1810, and thus added that dukedom to his titles, a notable record of family consolidation. His son, Charles, the fourth Duke, died in 1819, and was succeeded at the age of thirteen by Duke Walter, who as a boy of sixteen entertained George IV. at Dalkeith for a fortnight. Acting as Gold Stick at the Coronations of William IV. and Victoria, he entertained the Queen at Dalkeith at the Palace in 1842, and the only Drawing Room ever held in a private house took place there then. The present Duke succeeded in 1884, and continues to maintain the stately traditions of the family.

We come now to a somewhat obscure and difficult question: Who was the architect of Dalkeith Palace? There is a persistent tradition that Sir John Vanbrugh was, but it is difficult to believe. The house is infinitely more reasonable in plan and less pretentious in elevation than any of his other work. There is no evidence that he was in Scotland between 1701 and 1709, when the Palace took its present shape, or that he did any Scottish work except at Floors, near Kelso, and that was not until 1718. In 1705 he was extremely busy with the finishing of Castle Howard and the beginning of Blenheim. This, however, is merely negative evidence as against Vanbrugh. What can be brought in favour of anyone else? From 1720 to 1740 William Adam, a famous Scots architect and father of the brothers Adam, was drawing and having engraved at his own expense plans and elevations of the more notable Scottish houses designed by himself and others. These plates were collected later and published as a large volume called *Vitruvius Scoticus*. One of them shows Dalkeith, and engraved thereon *James Smith invenit*. Hamilton House is also attributed to Smith, and the north side of Yester, the latter, however, in collaboration with A. MacGill. It is hardly possible that William Adam would have been ignorant of the fact if Vanbrugh had been the designer. About James Smith very little is known, but Colin Campbell, writing in 1715 and illustrating Melville

House in *Vitruvius Britannicus*, says that it was designed in 1692 by Smith, "the most experienced architect in Scotland."

Next in importance is the fact that George, first Earl of Melville, for whom Smith was building in 1692, was the intimate adviser in all business affairs of the Duchess Anne. She placed great confidence in him, and in 1678 Melville was given complete control over the Buccleuch estates. In 1681 he wanted to be quit of the burden of so much work, but on her entreaty he continued his stewardship until he left the country two years later. On his return he again took up the oversight of her affairs, and there are numerous letters from her acknowledging his goodness. What more likely than that he should appoint his own architect to alter Dalkeith Castle for her? In 1700 Melville had burnt his hand and arm severely in saving the Buccleuch papers in a fire; the next year Anne decided to go



After a painting by

A BOY IN PINK.

Sir Joshua Reynolds

to Scotland and stay for a time at her Castle. She had lived in England from her marriage in childhood until she was fifty, and wanted to dispel the idea that she no longer loved her native land. Soon after her arrival at the Castle she went to stay at Melville House, where she was most cordially received, and doubtless discussed the alterations at Dalkeith. Before even leaving London she had written to Melville giving minute directions about the furniture and hangings she was sending on, and adding: "You will think me extravagant in marble, but it is to shew you I do not dispise my old Castle." The mason's accounts that remain show that work continued from 1703 to 1709, during which time the original Castle, purchased by the second Earl of Buccleuch in the middle of the seventeenth century, was wholly changed to a modern mansion, though some of the thick old castle walls remain. When Anne referred especially to her marble she was striking the right note, for its able and varied use for mantel-pieces is the

most interesting feature of the internal treatment of Dalkeith. James Smith, no doubt, was straitly instructed to make the best of the material which had travelled so far, and he certainly did so. The framing in marble of pictures as overmantels is cleverly done, and many of the mantel-pieces themselves are admirable examples of contemporary design.

There remains only the

description of the notable artistic treasures which have their home at Dalkeith Palace, and of its internal arrangement.

As far as the exterior is concerned, it is only the south front which boasts any architectural character. As in most of the Scottish houses of the period, the principal rooms have been made



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THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



A FRENCH COMMODE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

to face the north. In many another house of similar plan the disposition of the rooms has been altered in modern times so as to get the entrance hall on the north side, thus turning the original entrance hall into one of the principal sitting-rooms. The only alteration at Dalkeith, however, has been to close the old entrance in the middle of the south front, and to build a modern porch at the corner of the west wing. The window architraves on the entrance front have attractive mouldings, but the walling is a rough rubble, and probably it was originally plastered, or, as they say in Scotland, "harled." On the east and

other fronts the window openings are of the plainest, without architraves. The rubble-work is in a reddish sandstone, but the ashlar, which finds its chief use in the pedimented central feature of the south front, is of a cream-coloured freestone. Through the new small entrance hall we reach the staircase hall, panelled partly in wood and partly in white marble with dark grey veins, doubtless some of the material

which the Duchess Anne sent from London. The narrow mahogany stair-rail is carried by slender wrought-iron panels, which have been gilt. In the original entrance hall there are a pair of side-tables, probably Italian, covered with the most intricate carving, and in the present entrance hall is a wood



A FRENCH CABINET IN THE GALLERY.

mirror frame, which is likewise a miracle of craftsmanship. In the former there is a fine painted frieze of cupids busy in many employments, including the game of leapfrog. The Duchess's sitting-room is a small square apartment full of

interest. Above the fireplace moulding, which is of red and white marble, is a white marble panel, delicately carved in very high relief, and above that a blue and white glass panel decorated with the monogram and coronet of the Duchess Anne. It would be impossible to exaggerate the merit of the wood panelling and carved mouldings in this room, and we are here introduced



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SECRETAIRE IN THE BOOKROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to some of the Boulle period tables in ebony and brass which are so notable a feature throughout the house. In the bookroom near by is an ebony secretaire inlaid with silver, which forms the subject of a separate illustration. Over the mantel-piece is a portrait of Mary of Modena, framed in marble. The Breakfast Room boasts a collection of twenty-seven Guardis, which show that marvellous painter of architectural subjects to have been an even greater man than Canale. Also to be noted here is a mirror with frame of red lac and gold bearing the Argyll arms. This came into Buccleuch possession at the same time as Caroline Park, lately illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE*. This morning-room and the dining-room adjoining are believed to have been the original dining-hall of the Douglas Castle. In the dining-room itself is a portrait of the Duchess Anne with her two sons, and among other notable pictures Holbein's portrait of Sir Nicholas Carew, which, like his "Duchess of Milan," came originally from Lumley Castle.

Going upstairs we note a singularly beautiful set of chairs with claw and ball feet, with a woman's mask on the knee of the legs and a wolf's head terminating the arms. These are covered with needlework of the period, about 1730, and will form the subject of a separate article later. On the staircase landing stands an Italian cabinet in ebony ornamented with pierced repoussé plates in silver-gilt. This, like the two superb French cabinets in the gallery, was presented as a wedding present to the Duke of Monmouth by Charles II. The gallery cabinets will be illustrated later, but it may now be mentioned that they were received by Charles as gifts from Louis XIV. The wealth of French furniture, of priceless porcelain, and of the pictures which adorn the gallery, is almost bewildering. There is a portrait of Monmouth as a young man in his Garter robes; and we now reproduce Sir Joshua Reynolds' picture of the boy in pink with owl and dog, and the same painter's portrait of Elizabeth Duchess of Buccleuch. In the drawing-room, which opens from the gallery, are six great pictures of Venice by Canale, and a mirror in tortoiseshell and brass given as a wedding present to the Duchess Anne by her father-in-law.

The south end of the west wing is particularly interesting, as it incorporates part of the old Castle, a downstairs room being called Lodge Low, and two of the rooms above Lodge High. In Lodge Low there is an astonishing fireplace, the lower part in pinkish marble with the mirror surrounded by cherubs and fruit carved in white marble, and above it, surrounding a portrait, white painted wood-carving, which, if not by Grinling Gibbons, must have been by one of his ablest pupils. It is, however, very likely that the Duchess Anne in her intimate relationship with the English Court may have had this done by the great wood-carver himself. Adjoining Lodge Low is a smoking-room with a stone vaulted ceiling, so built to reduce the risks of fire for the Charter Room, which is above it on the first floor. It is difficult to give any idea of

the extraordinary number of beautiful pieces of furniture at Dalkeith Palace without the use of extravagant superlatives; but it is not too much to say that outside the walls of the Wallace Collection there is not anything in these islands to surpass them. Space fails, but a reference must be made to the fact that Robert Adam prepared a considerable number of designs for building works at Dalkeith, the chief of which materialised in the very fine stone bridge that is crossed on the way to the house.

L. W.

ENGLISH FURNITURE OF THE XVII. AND XVIII. CENTURIES.

AN ORIENTAL LACQUERED CABINET.

ALL writing cabinets had, somewhat before the opening of the eighteenth century and during its course, a long career of popularity, and are to be met with in the form of veneered or lacquered wood. Of the former, an example at Belton was recently illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE*. Of the latter a fine specimen is now presented. The vogue for lacquered furniture existed from the latter part of the seventeenth until the late eighteenth century, and connoisseurs could obtain the cabinets, coffers and tables ornamented in this manner by sending out European furniture to be lacquered in China or Japan, by procuring the more rapidly produced Dutch or English imitations, or by importing furniture which had been both constructed and lacquered in the East. The difficulty of combining an European pattern of cabinet with Oriental decoration was solved by sending out models and patterns, and the Joiners' Company as early as 1700 complain that "several merchants and others have procured to be made in London of late years and sent over to the East Indies patterns and models of all forms of cabinet goods, and have yearly returned from thence . . . quantities of cabinet wares, manufactured after the English fashion."

Again, European traders in China in those days expected to remain there for about ten or twenty years and return to this country in affluence, like the "Nabobs" of Clive's day, and it is not unlikely that some trader living in the



UPPER PART OF CABINET OF CHINESE LACQUER, OPEN.

East had brought from his own home a bureau cabinet probably made in walnut wood of similar design, dating from the reign of Queen Anne, and that he ordered to be made in imitation of his own a cabinet of the same general shape, but far more elaborate in ornament. Several years may have elapsed between the date of his order and the completion of the cabinet, for Oriental lacquer requires a considerable amount of time and patience for its production; but it is clear that no expense was spared on the interior, which is shown when the doors are opened, being as beautifully

finished as the exterior. All the drawers, which were considered a necessity in the English bureau for correspondence and book-keeping, are provided; it is, indeed—to quote Sheraton's description of one of his own productions—"a piece intended for a gentleman to write at, to keep his own accounts, and serve as a library."

Like all bureaux of this design, the top is built separately to the bottom part. The lower part would no doubt come home from the East filled with spices or the "very great variety of toys and different sorts of curiosities" (upon which the European merchants made a very considerable profit), for in the small ships of that time space was valuable. It has the tall and elegant shape of the model to which the Chinese craftsman has in the main adhered; but the Oriental taste is shown in the feet, which are of the claw and ball variety—a pattern of Chinese origin—and in the important scrolled pediment which centres in a fantastic bird and shell ornament. The inside of the cabinet is remarkable, the doors opening upon a Chinese temple or interior of unusual size, and of which the

lattice-work of frets is of peculiar interest. The ornament is in gold on a black ground; the exterior of the doors, the flap and the drawers are decorated with buildings, distant mountains and various trees, while the interior of the door have a large design of bamboo and chrysanthemum. An interesting feature of this example are the handles fixed to the upper and lower part—no doubt for convenience in transit—which are not found upon European models. Furniture both constructed and lacquered in the East is comparatively rare; but, still, occasionally specimens of various types are to be met with in palaces and museums, as well as in a few country houses. The writer has, however, been unable to trace, either in this country or abroad, any other specimen nearly so important, so rich and delicate in design, or so well finished in every detail.

G. F. OLIVER.

[Mr. Oliver is not correct in saying that handles are not found on European models of this kind of cabinet. They are rare, but special attention was drawn to their presence on the Belton example last month.—ED.]

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

OF the three novels dealing with William of Orange—*I Will Maintain, Defender of the Faith and God and the King* (Methuen)—the last-mentioned, which is just published, is by far the best. Indeed, it is a book that makes one wish there were more like it. We cannot conceive of any young man or woman obtaining a better foundation on which to build up a knowledge of the history of William and Mary than this story. Its excellence is a wonderful tribute to the power of the novelist. Here she depends on none of the artifices which are usually sought to make a tale enthralling. Her chief actors are no longer young, and there is no plot in the proper sense of the term. The action goes on aimlessly, governed, as one might think, at times only by blind chance, leading eventually to the death of all the characters—but only in their natural time and way. The "curtains" for which melodrama sighs are entirely wanting; nor is there any love-making in the ordinary acceptation of the term. It is true that the essence or kernel of the story is the abounding love that Queen Mary had for William and the growth of a mutual affection in his mind during the later years of their life. It would almost appear as though the trilogy of books had been composed for the purpose of leading up to this great result. But it is astounding how "Marjorie Bowen" has been able to breathe vitality into her characters and to invest her story with the charm that comes from the exercise and expression of human compassion and human ways. The present writer is unaware whether he is speaking for others or not; but he has to confess frankly that to him the reign of William and Mary has always appeared the dullest in English history. Nor have historians found anything particularly notable about either of the joint Sovereigns. William was an honest, intrepid soldier with a great deal of reserve in his character. "Very stately, serious and reserved" is Evelyn's apt description. The striking fact about him was his concentration on the idea of driving the French from the united provinces and establishing the independence of the latter. This policy he pursued with a consistency almost unparalleled; in it is to be found the motive of all the most important actions of his life. He seems to have developed the idea when he was a boy of eleven. His early dealings with John de Witt, in spite of their disastrous ending, were inspired by a disinterested love of his country. His negotiations with Charles II. had the same object, and in his marriage he looked chiefly to strengthening his hand against France. When, after negotiations that it is unnecessary to describe here, he, with Mary, accepted the Crown of England, it still was with the chief idea of adding strength to the united provinces. This prepossession in favour of his own countrymen acted prejudicially against him in Great Britain. He did not like the English, and the English did not like a foreigner who preferred his own people to them.

Mary, his consort, does not cut such an interesting figure in the sober pages of history as she does in "Marjorie Bowen's" novel. Slight, both in figure and mind, graceful, tender and true, she was much more fitted to adorn the house of a country squire than to share a throne in wild and stormy times. If there was anything heroic in her nature, it lay in the extraordinary love that she developed for William. The novelist quotes from some of her letters as a heading to the section which is called "The Queen," and surely more endearing words never came from a woman to a man. They all breathe the same solicitude about his absence, and might have been extracted

from the most passionate love-letters in literature. "Think of me and love me as much as I shall you, who I love more than my life," is a sentence that gives the note to them all. The others we would like to quote in full, but must be content with extracts from them:

"Every hour maketh me more impatient to hear from you, and everything I hear stir I think bringeth me a letter. . . . I have stayed till I am almost asleep in hopes; but they are vain, and I must once more go to bed and wish to be waked with a letter, which I shall at last get, I hope . . . adieu! Do but love me and I can bear anything."—QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM, July 1690.

"My poor heart is ready to break every time I think in what perpetual danger you are; I am in greater fears than can be imagined by any who loves less than myself. Farewell! Do but continue to love me and forgive the taking up so much of your time to your poor wife, who deserves more pity than ever any creature did, and who loves you a great deal too much for her own ease, tho' it can't be more than you deserve."—QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM, 5th September 1690.

At the beginning William did not return this affection as passionately as it was given to him. Macaulay made a great deal of the remorse and sorrow that came upon William when his wife died; but subsequent historians are rather of opinion that he exaggerated, although there can be no doubt that William's esteem for the Queen quickened with the advance of life. The modern view has been adequately expressed by the Master of Peterhouse, who says:

His personal morality cannot be held to have risen above the level of his age. Macaulay has attempted to invest with a sentimental halo the affection which in his later years he learnt to dedicate to his faithful and self-sacrificing wife; but till within a year of her death (*Shrewsbury Correspondence*, pp. 19 sqq.) he kept up some sort of special relation with Elisabeth Villiers (afterwards Lady Orkney), the avowed mistress of his earlier married days. The suggestions as to his convivialities with a few chosen intimates at the Loo have little or no significance. A quite unwarrantable interpretation, gravely accepted by so calm an historian as Lord Stanhope, has been put upon Burnet's awkward statement, that "he had no vice but of one sort, in which he was very cautious and secret."

We do not in the slightest degree blame the novelist because she has taken a view the very opposite to this. Essentially, it is that of Macaulay, as far as regards William's attitude to Mary. The pages in which the Queen's death is described, not only in its actual occurrence, but in the events that led up to it, are almost too much charged with pathos. It is pathos absolutely without relief—a woman's view of the end of all things, and of the last and decisive parting from one who was to her dearer than life itself. All the literary power that the novelist can command is marshalled to show what effect the love and the loss of Queen Mary had on the brave, cold, reserved temperament of her husband. Her death broke his heart. The novelist accepts the idea that sorrow drove him to drink, and in the final section of the book she with an unsparring pen draws a picture of the Court of England when it was given over to this vice. We could have well done without that final section. The climax is reached when the illness of the Queen breaks through the reserve and the iron self-control of William of Orange, when love proves stronger than ambition, patriotism, or any other incentive. But whether "Marjorie Bowen" is true to historic fact or not is really a matter of indifference. She has pictured with absolute and stirring truth to life the passions of two human souls, and in this way has vivified history with a glory and strength of imagination. This is a fine book, one that any novelist in the long run of English history might have been proud to have written.



UOFM

A LACQUERED CABINET.

ENGLISH FURNITURE
Of the 17th and 18th Centuries

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1877-1878

HILDA LESSWAYS.

Hilda Lessways, by Arnold Bennett. (Methuen.)

MR. BENNETT is one of the few modern writers who almost deserve the word "great." His style is extraordinarily personal, which means that he is so completely the master of his medium that he makes it the perfect vehicle of his individuality. His powers of observation are his next greatest literary asset. After that comes his wonderful tenacity, and then his industry. All these qualities are again abundantly evident in his last novel, which, like *Clayhanger*, the first of the trilogy, has The Five Towns for a setting and a single figure on its stage. But the third of the four qualities is perhaps more in evidence than any of them, for for four hundred and eight pages Mr. Bennett sits with his eyes fixed on one young girl, who, it may be added, never for a single instant throughout those pages takes her eyes off herself. He leaves her quite unfinished—just done with one catastrophe and apparently on the verge of another. The history of Edwin Clayhanger and Hilda Lessways is to be concluded in another novel. This book is a detailed, long-drawn probing and exhibiting of the inner being of a type which is not at all uncommon in spite of its possessing what Mr. Bennett calls "the most precious of all faculties, the power to feel intensely." Mr. Bennett is inside one person only, and all the rest he merely draws in their outside relations to the figure whence he looks. The closeness and cleverness of the study are unquestionable; but we miss those touches of delicious humour for which *Clayhanger* will be remembered.

A MOMENTARY FLICKER.

The Beacon, by Eden Phillpotts. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

IT is curious over how many of our foremost writers there seems to have come lately a kind of obsession of self-consciousness, a loss of simplicity, a tendency to work from the problem to the personality, instead of from the personality to the problem. Mr. Phillpotts is not exempt. In his last book he is caught thinking aloud what his characters indicate; and he even makes them say themselves what they indicate, instead of dumbly showing it, and to find people who do that naturally you have to go to a very different class of life to that of these Dartmoor farmers and quarrymen. There is no other fault in the book. It shows all Mr. Phillpotts' old powers; his observation, both of man and Nature; his humour, his ruthlessness. It has his style, with its queer occasional simplicities. It is much shorter and slighter, but it is not necessarily the worse for that. It has less of the moor in it. Slight though it is, and not meant to rank with his great Dartmoor epics, the book has in it something of that Greek-tragedy inevitability which gives such force to Mr. Phillpotts' conceptions.

BETWEEN BUYING AND SELLING.

Good Boy Seldom, by Oliver Onions. (Methuen.)

THIS somewhat grotesque title introduces us, not to a novel, but to a study of a "business man." It is strange how the types of evil develop. The present-day scoundrel is a distinct advance on the scoundrel of our forefathers. Uriah Heep had to be a hypocrite before he could succeed in his vile designs. Every day in this generation the circle increases, before whom there is no need to pay virtue that honour. In America whole cities belong to it. And James Enderby Wace "had a frame fit for the hardest collar-work; he looked his interlocutor straight in the eye when he talked to him, and he wasted no time in trying to prove that he was not a liar." Mr. Onions preserves throughout an attitude of cold scorn towards his subject. You may see Mr. Onions in this book no less clearly than you see James Enderby Wace.

A ROMANCE OF SMUGGLING.

Jim Davis, by John Masefield. (Wells, Gardner, Darton and Co.)

THIS story is not as good as one had a right to expect from the author's rapidly-growing reputation. It is a boy's tale of Devonshire Night Riders, fearsome creatures who, with bee-skeps on their heads and corresponding disguise for the body, seized occasion when the country was at war about a century ago to land contraband. There are plenty of corries and much hiding and adventure in it, and this will, no doubt, be found enthralling to young minds who do not know how often and how well it has all been done before. Not much positive fault can be found with the work, but neither does it call for great praise. It is a performance distinguished only by its wholesome mediocrity.

THE MERCIFUL.

Delphine Carfrey, by Mrs. George Norman. (Methuen.)

THE atmosphere of Mrs. Norman's books is like that of an old cloister in some busy city, which echoes to the world's feet, but touches with something of its own significance all who pass along it. Her first book, *Lady Fanny*, had much of this sweetness; the second is even more marked by it. If this book is not, perhaps, so good as *Lady Fanny*, that is because *Lady Fanny* set a standard hard to teach. *Delphine Carfrey* is a beautiful story; and it is with such relief and gratitude that one turns to books which are written with art, with skill and cleverness, observation, with a humour so delightful, as evidenced in the description of the Art Students' ball and Delphine's supervision of Miss Briscoe's bedroom literature, that we wish Mrs. Norman would besprinkle her pages more frequently with it.

"TIMOTHY'S ARABELLA."

Deborah, by Agnes Crozier Herbertson. (Methuen.)

THIS is an unusual and singularly pleasant story. Its progress is comparatively uneventful, and we doubt whether the man the heroine liked best is the man we should have liked best. But then abruptness and strength certainly make an appeal to women which they do not to men, and Clough was abrupt and strong enough for fifty. Moreover, he was the exact antithesis of the husband who had ruined Deborah's life; and so there was nature in her liking. It is oddly told, oddly thought of—slight in one way, yet full of observation and originality. It is certainly a tale to read.

A YEOMAN'S HOUSEHOLD.

The First Born, by R. Murray Gilchrist. (T. Werner Laurie.)

THE sober strength and insight of this story, which is concerned with that yeoman-farmer class which has so nearly vanished from England, to the great loss of the country, reminds one of the Dutch work of Mr. Maarten

Maartens. It has a simplicity only to be achieved by a writer whose eyes, fixed upon the people he describes, never turn aside to look at himself or at his public. A curious feature of the book is the strength of the realisation of the feminine types. There is only one real man in it,

WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?

Peter and Jane, by S. MacNaughtan. (Methuen.)

WHAT, oh what, has happened to Miss MacNaughtan? The one Miss MacNaughtan, sole possessor of the one scrap left in the world of the cloak that fell to earth when Jane Austen died? Can it be possible that she has left Scotland for good? Here are tragic people with pasts, and changed heirs, and huntings in Spain, and deaths, and ladies who cannot marry the men they love, and burnings and bewilderments and lost letters and tartan sashes. And nowhere, nowhere, for we have hunted from cover to cover in incredulous despair for nearly an hour, is there a Christina, or a Lame Dog, or a Miss Du Cane, expensive or otherwise, or a single Anderson, or one Miss Graem.

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO KICK.

The Book of Football, by E. H. D. Sewell. (J. M. Dent and Sons.)

MR. SEWELL dedicates his very interesting *Book of Football* to the British schoolboy, and writes primarily for him in a straightforward and intelligible manner. One may suggest, for those schools where Rugby football is played, the substitution in place of Euclid's Elements of a study of the author's diagrams illustrating various highly ingenious methods of attack upon the enemy's goal-line. There are lines and curves in plenty and those friends of our youth, A, B, C and D, and, as in Euclid, the problems all work out in an entertaining and instructive manner, if tackled with care and patience. It is permissible to suspect that when Mr. Sewell talks of football he really means Rugby football, and it is when he writes of Rugby that his enthusiasm gets into his ink; but he has also plenty to say of Association, and if he does not love it so well, he yet honestly does his best for the dribbling game. The author constantly illustrates his precepts by references to particular matches and players, and this very wisely, for the football-playing boy is apt to be a hero-worshipper, and he will remember his lessons all the better for heroic examples. When a very small boy he played at being a Red Indian or a soldier, and in his more grown-up stage he can yet derive pleasure from imagining himself to be "Dicky" Owen getting away on the "blind side," or "Teddy" Morgan dashing in with that famous try that beat the invincible New Zealanders. He can, moreover, actually look upon some of these great ones in very excellent photographs.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

The Twymans, by Henry Newbolt. (Blackwood.)

The Lonely Queen, by H. C. Bailey. (Methuen.)

The Outcry, by Henry James. (Methuen.)

Dan Russell the Fox, by G. Somerville and Martin Ross. (Methuen.)

Outdoor Life in Greek and Roman Poetry, by the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco. (Macmillan.)

Garibaldi and the Making of Italy, by George Macaulay Trevelyan. (Longmans.)

[A LIST OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 38.]

THE DAIRY SHOW.

TYICAL autumn weather favoured the large number of visitors who journeyed to London on Tuesday for the purpose of witnessing the opening of this exhibition. For a first day the attendance was excellent, and it was obvious from a glance round that the show had attracted large numbers of the general public, in addition to the jolly-looking farmers who make it a business to attend this function, which is timed to occur when the harvest is over and the most arduous labours of the year completed. Some diminution in the number of entries was naturally to be expected after the long drought, which has been unfavourable to the keeping of dairy cows in milk. Under the circumstances, however, the exhibition was a wonderful one. There was a splendid collection of cows, especially of dairy short-horns, which have come into great favour during recent years, and Jerseys. Additional interest was given to the show by the fact that a number of new cups were offered for competition. Mr. Titus Barham presented a new challenge cup of the value of £50, to replace the one carried off outright last year by Mr. George B. Nelson, for the cow gaining the largest number of points in the milking trials. A 50-guinea challenge cup has been offered by Mr. J. L. Shirley of Bletchley for the cow giving the largest weight of milk. A Coronation Cup of the value of £25 is given by Mr. G. B. Nelson for the shorthorn cow or heifer giving the best butter.

On the first day nearly all the inspection prizes were awarded, although it was very late at night before the task was finished. Mr. S. Sanday took the first and second prizes for the best pedigree shorthorn cow, and he repeated his success by also showing the best pedigree shorthorn heifer and also taking the second prize. For non-pedigree shorthorns, Mr. J. W. Astley was first with Southfield Red Rose, and Mr. R. W. Hobbs produced the best heifer. There was a very fine group of Lincolnshire reds, the best cow being shown by Mr. J. Evans, who also came out with the best heifer. In the class for Jersey cows, Lord Rothschild's Patricia carried all before her. Mrs. Eyres Monsell produced the best Jersey heifer bred in Great Britain or Ireland, while Mr. Miller-Hallett had the best one bred in the Channel Islands. These were the most important classes of cows, and in public favour appeared to be supplanting all the rest. Still, in the other classes there were some very praiseworthy animals. Only two Guernseys were shown, both by Sir Everard Hambro. It is fair to say that one of these, Hayes Olive, would probably have won against very strong competition. There was a better entry of Red Polls, Mr. Kenneth M. Clark producing the best heifer in Sudbourne Belle Dotty.

Ayrshires are nothing like so popular now as they were a few years ago, and only two were shown, both coming from Mr. Ashby of Wraysbury. Lady Greenall was first and second for Kerry cows, and it is significant that there were no Dexters on exhibition. For pairs of cows Mr. S. S. Raingill scored a victory for Cheshire against Mr. Hunter's from Lancashire. The interest of the general public was more excited by other exhibitions than by the actual cows, whose points many were not in a position to appreciate. There was always a large crowd round the butter-making contests, in which both young men and young women participated; but we must reserve our comments on this part of the show till next week. The Gilbey Hall, where products of varying kinds were shown, had always a large number of visitors. The usual exhibition of trussing and boning fowl never fails to command attention, and there were always admiring groups round the wonderfully large birds shown in the carcase exhibition. Equally interesting was the exhibition of dead table rabbits, some of the Flemish giants and cross-breds evoking the comment that they were more like young roe deer than rabbits. There was a good display of honey in jars and sections, but only an expert could judge of the quality by inspection. It would be extremely educational if the managers of the show could get into this department a competition for the best total produce of a hive. Very few of those who have not yet begun to keep bees realise the enormous returns that can be obtained by the modern apianist in a year like the

present. We do not know that the proposal could be carried out as a practical contest, but it might be worth while inducing some of the bee-keepers to show produce of a single hive for educational purposes only. There was a fine display of butter, both English and Colonial; but here, as well as in the cheese department, we noticed that many packages had arrived too late to take part in the contest. This was rather discouraging, and it would be well to know whether the mishap was due to bad arrangements on the part of the show, or the neglect or want of promptitude of the competitors.

A word should be said for the garden produce, which was uncommonly good considering the difficulties under which horticulturists have had to labour this year. During recent years the show of living poultry has developed to an extraordinary extent, and the galleries in which the live birds were shown never wanted for shrewd connoisseurs, who critically examined the endless rows of cages with almost every conceivable kind of fowl, fancy or utility. For egg-laying purposes it is obvious that the white Wyandottes are the favourites of the hour, and as they were shown with a warranty of age, the demonstration of the quickness with which they mature was complete. Those with an eye to profit were equally attracted by the huge chickens shown in classes destined for table use. Here were texts without number for those who wished to moralise on the comparative merits of the several breeds from a commercial standpoint.

THE PEKINGESE.

THE cult of the fascinating and aristocratic Pekingese has greatly increased among dog-lovers during the last four or five years. For some time, while these dogs of an ancient race turned up their noses at the foreign devil, not a few of the same foreign devils retaliated after a similar manner; but the Chinese canine noses turned up because they are born haughty, while many of their owners in England, since converted to their charm, uplifted their nasal organs through mere ignorance of a good thing when they saw it. They said such things as "none of your nasty little lap-dogs for me," and "give me an honest English fox-terrier or bulldog," etc.!

How are these mighty boasters fallen, and fallen, too, on their knees before the little Chinese lion. Neither are these worshippers confined to the female sex. Only a short while ago a gentleman who through many years has kept "sporting" dogs of many kinds, said that, having once become acquainted with Pekingese, he should never again be without some, deeming them more than able to hold their own for intelligence and fidelity, and having about them an atmosphere of peculiar interest all their own. The late Dowager-Empress

of China, "Old Buddha" as her subjects dubbed her, laid down not a small number of rules as to the appearance, food and demeanour of the dogs which were especially sacred to the Imperial Palace; such, for example, as "Let the Lion Dog be small; let it wear the swelling cape of dignity around its neck; let it display the billowing standard of pomp above its back.

"Let its forehead be straight and low, like unto the brow of an Imperial harmony boxer.

"Let its fore legs be bent, so that it shall not desire to wander far, or leave the Imperial precincts.

"For its standard of pomp, let it rival the whisk of the Tibetan's yak, which is flourished to protect the Imperial litter from the attacks of flying insects.

"Let it venerate its ancestors and deposit offerings in the Canine Cemetery of the Forbidden City on each new moon.

"Let it comport itself with dignity; let it learn to bite the foreign devils instantly.

"Let it be dainty in its food that it shall be known for an Imperial dog by its fastidiousness. Sharks' fins and curlews' livers and the breasts of quails, on these it may be fed; and for drink give it the tea that is brewed from the spring buds of the



COMO TA LI.



COMO TINK-A-BELI.



COMO KIN-SING.

shrub that growth in the province of Hankow, or the milk of the antelopes that pasture in the Imperial parks.

"Thus shall it preserve its integrity and self-respect; and for the day of sickness let it be anointed with the clarified fat of the leg of a sacred leopard, and give it to drink a thrush's eggshell full of the juice of the custard apple in which has been dissolved three pinches of shredded rhinoceros horn, and apply to it piebald leeches.

"So shall it remain—but if it die remember thou too art mortal."

The Pekingese dog, like his Chinese owners, is a creature with an ancient lineage, more so perhaps than any other known breed, for it is represented in bronzes which are considerably more than a thousand years old; it is even said that a metal mirror framed in bronze, on which frame embossed figures of Pekingese appear, is more nearly two thousand years old.

The late Chinese Minister to England has written that toy dogs first became



ME FIRST!

authorities upon the breed, says: "Five of these dogs were found in an apartment of the Emperor's aunt, who committed suicide on the approach of the troops." The colour of two of these dogs, which were given to the late Duchess of Richmond, was of a golden sable, with black marks and points, and they weighed from 5lb. to 6lb. each.

Her late Majesty Queen Victoria possessed one, a fawn and white (known as a parti-colour), which was presented to her by General Dunne. Sir Edwin Landseer painted its portrait; but in China the Pekingese are portrayed on porcelain, in enamel, in bronze, ivory and stone, and embroidered on silks, and have been so pictured for hundreds of years. Their points are that the head must be broad and flat, not domed; the face flat, with almost no nose, and the latter black at that; the muzzle short, broad and wrinkled, never pinched or overshot; the eyes liquid, large and far apart; the ears long and drooping, and fully feathered; the mane very bushy; the legs strong-boned, especially the front ones, which should

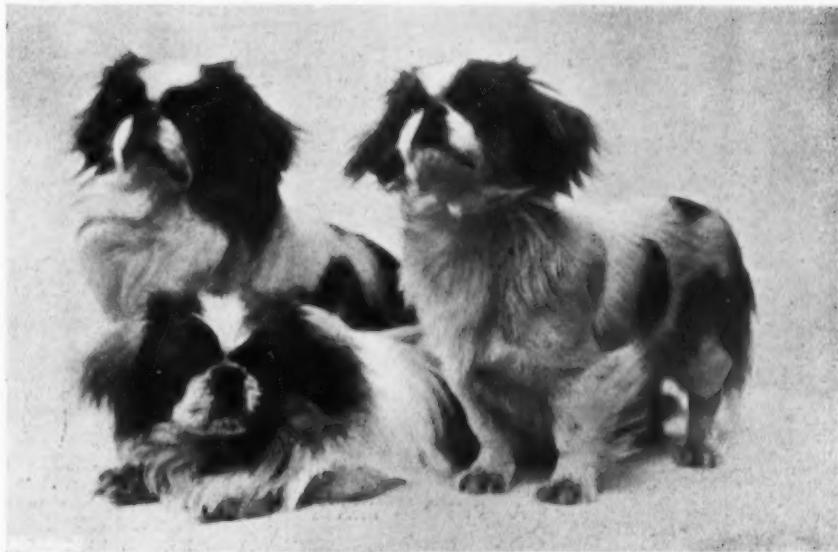


A GATHERING OF THE CLAN.

popular in the T'ang dynasty, that is, about the eighth century (Christian era), and again in the Sung dynasty, eleventh century.

The first known specimens of the Pekingese were imported into England after the sack of the Summer Palace at Pekin in 1860. Until then, the removal of a dog from the palace precincts was followed by severe punishment. In the last two years or so, it has been death by stoning; but as a rule it was death to the offender "by a thousand slices," which does not sound pleasant!

Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, who is one of the chief



A TEAM OF PARTI-COLOURS.

be short, bent and bowed outwards, long, spindly legs being a grave fault. Add to this the further points that the body should be short and lion-shaped, the chest deep, the ribs well rounded and tapering away to the loins, so as to form a defined waist; while the coat should be long, thick and straight, with abundant feathering on ears, legs and tail. The Pekingese dog must carry himself with a swaggering gait, as if the whole place belongs to him, as one is sure he thinks it does!

In colour these dogs vary greatly. There are rich reds, golden fawns, brindles, sable (red with

black mixed in), black, black with tan points, white (which should have black eyes and noses) and parti-colours, these latter being dark red and white, brindle and white, golden and white, or black and white, with the colours evenly broken. A good average weight is from 7lb. to 9lb. Less than 5lb. is at present undesirable, as they are generally weedy and lose the bold carriage which marks the breed, while they are inclined to coarseness when they exceed 10lb. or, at any rate, 11lb., although this is by no means always the case.

There is no dog more faithful or more affectionate, while their memories are most striking. I once had a puppy of two months old which I kept for about three weeks and then sent to a lady, who exhibited the dog when grown up. Being at the show, I asked to see it, and found it so changed that I did not know it; but the dog knew me, and to the astonishment of its owner jumped up directly it heard my voice and welcomed me with great joy. Yet it would not look at strangers; they were mere "foreign devils!" And Pekingese can cry like humans, big tears rolling down their cheeks; and fight!—they can fight till their eyes threaten to fall out of their sockets. As to their hardness, if they are not pampered they are as hardy as any other breed of dogs and as long-lived. And never two the same, but each with its own particular and usually peculiar character.

The Pekingese at Benham-Valence are known as the members of the Como Kennel, which name has been registered as the prefix, and, although they are not often exhibited, they have made their mark on the show-bench with cups, specials, firsts and other awards. They are reds and parti-colours, and all are faithful friends, who never fail in giving one a warm welcome, accompanied by joyful wags of waving tails. HUBERT D. ASTLEY.

[Mr. Astley does not quite tell the whole story of the introduction of the Pekingese into England, and some letters which appeared in the "Correspondence" columns of COUNTRY LIFE in 1899 and the following year have escaped his notice and the attention of many other breeders. In a sense, the facts contained in them are not of moment as bearing on the present position of the breed; but historically they are worth recalling. When the allied French and British forces were advancing on Pekin in 1860, as the city was approached it was felt that the task of occupying such a populous place was too much to expect of a small body of troops, and the attack was diverted to the Summer Palace of the Emperors at Yuen Min Yuen, a short four miles away. The defenders, deeming discretion the wisest course, retired precipitately. How five of the sacred Palace dogs were there discovered has often been recorded, but the whole of the tale is not told. At least eight of the small pets must have been captured, and part of the new evidence is of some value as bearing upon the correct weight of the breed. I understand that the captives were exceedingly diminutive, but, if a statement of one of COUNTRY LIFE's correspondents is correct, this is not surprising, as we learn that five of them were puppies. Mr. Oliver H. Jones, writing in 1899, says six were found in one room. "My uncle, the late Admiral Oliver Jones (then a captain), was present on the occasion, and he told me the mother and a litter of puppies were found behind a box. Lord John Hay took the mother and one of the puppies, and my uncle took one, which he brought home with him and gave to my

father, and it lived at Fonmon till, I think, 1872, when it died. It was black and white, long haired, marked like a spaniel, with quite black muzzle. It always protruded its tongue from its mouth a little, and it had the most remarkably loose and elastic skin.

It was a dog. My uncle said that the mother had much longer hair than our dog. When Admiral Jones went back to China as Commodore at Hong Kong in 1867 he did his best to get another of the Palace breed, but without success. I am curious to know what colour the original two at Goodwood were, as they were brother and sister of my father's dog."

Early in 1900 another letter appeared in COUNTRY LIFE from Mr. H. Townshend, who was present at the looting of the Summer Palace. Two officers of his regiment, the 99th Foot, picked up a dog and bitch, and shortly after their return to Canton the latter had a litter, one of which this gentleman brought to England in 1863. It lived in good health for nearly seventeen years, and is described as being perfect in intelligence and habits. He had only one puppy out of the little Summer Palace bitch that belonged to Captain Claghiles Henderson, R.N., and she died about the same time as he did.—ED.]



COMO TAN-SHEN-SING.
Three and a-half months old.

process is costly and clumsy, although the warders themselves would probably agree that it has its merits, for, I believe, it is in the nature of a gamble with stakes worth five pounds. In other words, this is the award paid to the warden who arrests the prisoner. Now all this trouble, and most of the expense, could be obviated if the Prison Commissioners, or whoever may be responsible for the ordering of these things, would consent to a couple of trained bloodhounds being added to the strength. One would be sufficient, but it is always useful to have an understudy in case of the other being incapacitated.

Could conditions more ideal for hound work be sought? The country being lonely, and the escaped man by the very nature of things taking the secluded ways, there would be little question of the line being foiled even if a bloodhound were addicted to the pernicious habit of changing. Then, again, the scent would be red-hot, practically breast high, and it would have to be the veriest duffer that would fail to carry a line under such circumstances. One can say without hesitation that a failure would be little short of the miraculous. The convict would be under arrest again within an hour or two at the outside. Supposing a trained bloodhound cost twenty pounds in the first instance—probably one could be

obtained for less—the capital cost would come back in the first case in which he was engaged. His food would be an insignificant item in such an establishment, and it should not be a difficult matter to give him enough hunting to keep him up to the mark.



A PUPPY TEAM.

LAST WEEK'S EXPERIMENT.

Some satisfaction may be derived from the fact that the aid of a bloodhound was requisitioned last week; but, unless the facts published are inaccurate, the experiment was doomed to failure owing to the long interval allowed to elapse before the animal was on the scene. Unless the atmospheric conditions were altogether exceptional, it is difficult to imagine that a hound brought in on Thursday could carry the line of a man dating from the previous Tuesday. The ingenious theory has before now been advanced in America that scent can be frozen and released with a thaw! Presumably there was no frost on Dartmoor last week, and we need not discuss such a far-fetched proposition. It seems to me the only chance the hound would have of demonstrating his usefulness would be that he might strike a fresh line laid by the man in wandering from one point to another, and then it is possible he might own to it, having first of all smelt some article of clothing belonging to the convict as a clue. But if the hound had been on the spot on Tuesday, matters would have been entirely different. This is but a repetition of mistakes that have been made on previous occasions, and then, when failure naturally ensues, bloodhounds are condemned

as worthless. The authorities have but to consult Captain Llewellyn, Chief Constable of Wiltshire, to find out what a really good hound is capable of doing. I am prepared to admit at once that Shadower, now, unfortunately, dead, may have had exceptional natural aptitude; but it should also be added that his training seems to have been carried out on particularly intelligent lines, and the man who had the handling of him would make any hound, except a fool, efficient in six months. Much, of course, depends upon the handler, who must be skilled and sympathetic. One of Shadower's achievements in a trial run was to hunt one of three whose stick he had been allowed to smell. The three men started together, at a certain point one parted company with his companions, and further on the second left. Meanwhile the real quarry proceeded on his way, then mounted a horse, and afterwards finished his journey on a bicycle. That the hound should have come satisfactorily through such a severe test speaks highly for his ability. In Scotland, Mr. Frank Rayner of Haddington has done some very satisfactory work with his small pack, and he is subsidised by five or six counties.

A. CROXTON SMITH.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

THE autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club was undoubtedly the affair of greatest interest in the golfing world last week. That is to be said of it still, though in the multitude of clubs and meetings it has not all the interest that it once possessed for the general golfing public other than members of the club. The truth is that in days of old there were comparatively few of this public that did not belong to the Royal and Ancient Club, and those few felt a proper shame in confessing that they did not so belong. The captaincy of this ancient institution was taken over by Sir Ludovic Grant in succession to Mr. Mure Fergusson—a very proper appointment, for Sir Ludovic is a good golfer and has been a golfer all his life. He was one of the few who played golf at Oxford when he, as well as I, was an undergraduate of that University. At the business meeting Captain Burn, as chairman of the Rules of Golf Committee, made a statement, which was timely, chiefly to the effect that the relations were most cordial and sympathetic between that committee, the Royal and Ancient Golf Club and the United States Golf Association. How any other impression ever got abroad I do not know. Certainly, to the best of my knowledge, there has been not the least little bit of ground for it. Captain Burn hinted darkly at some member of the Royal and Ancient who had made assertions in print of some ill-feeling between the representative bodies on the two sides of the Atlantic, but did not divulge the name of that malevolent stirrer of strife. The speaker also put on its right footing his much-written-of statement to Mr. Straw that the Royal and Ancient Club did not attempt to

enforce on other clubs the rules it made for the game's guidance, and he was quite justified in saying that it was difficult to know how anyone understanding the facts of the case could put, as has been put, any larger—or should we rather say narrower?—interpretation on that statement. Let us hope we have heard the last of that misunderstanding. For medal winner we had a new member of an old medal-winning family, Mr. Walter Blackwell, with a score of 80—probably as good as could be expected under the circumstances of a shrewd and strong wind against the outgoing. It was hard luck on Mr. W. E. Fairlie that he was not well enough to play. He was the holder of this medal. Mr. Guy Campbell's second-best score was three strokes worse than the first medallist's, and then came a whole bunch of returns at a stroke more again. But many good and strong men, such as Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Edward Blackwell, testified to the force and vexation of the wind by returns of 90 or more. It was typical St. Andrews medal weather, though what was not usual was the bareness and keenness of the greens. The same conditions prevailed when Mr. Campbell and Mr. Blackwell played off their tie for the Glennie Medal—won by the former with 83 strokes.

MR. F. HERRESHOF

AS A GOLFER.

I am surprised to see a writer in the *Scotsman* speaking of Mr. F. Herreshof's iron play as if it were not a finished product—"to some extent deficient in refinement and finesse" is the exact phrase applied to it. I am not quite clear whether this *Scotsman* writer is "playing his own ball" or quoting from another source, still less whether he has personal knowledge of Mr. Herreshof's play to speak from; but, however they are derived, his conclusions in regard to it are not mine.



MR. F. C. CARR.

From what I have seen of Mr. Herreshoff's game I should say that he is distinctly a good iron player. Nor should I agree altogether with the dictum that he gets most of the great distance of his drive by carry rather than by run. This is a criticism which suggests that he habitually drives a high ball. He may do so at times, but my experience of his game goes to show him driving with rather a low trajectory, getting a big enough carry, but quite an enormous run on greens as they commonly are in America in the summer. The one point where I have seen his game weak, when he is playing his game—for he is rather subject to lapses—is his putting. There are no "dusty corners" about his iron play.

THE RIGHT SHAPE OF TIN IN THE HOLE.

There has come to hand some further correspondence relating to the question asked me whether the tin might be taken out of the hole before playing a stymie: the stymie being of such a species that the ball had to be lofted right into the hole, without pitching on the turf, in order to overcome it. The trouble is that with some shapes of tin the ball thus pitched in almost always jumps out of the hole again. It was so with the tins at Muirfield the last time the amateur championship was played there, but they may have changed them since. One correspondent says that he has been trying various shapes of tin and various substances for the flooring, in order to prevent the ball's bounding out—of course this is an accident which used not to happen with the less lively solid balls, nor in the days before it was customary to put tins in to preserve the holes. Nor again could it occur with the most primitive form of tin, which was only a section of a cylinder, open at the bottom, as at the top, so that the ball would then fall on ground and not on resilient tin or iron. This correspondent I speak of suggests, among other things, putting felt on the floor of the tin, and finally asks the question whether it is legitimate to put your handkerchief into the hole before trying a stymie of this peculiarly afflicting kind. It is hard to see under what rule this could be barred, though it seems rather like undue interference with the course as laid out by the powers that be. Could the handkerchief be deemed to be of the nature of a guide to the eye, and thus an illegal introduction? I do not know; but I do not think there ought to be any necessity for this soft carpeting of the floor of the tin. It is only tins of a certain bad shape that reject the ball. The fault is when the tin begins to slope too soon out of the perpendicular, and forms too gradual an angle towards the lowest apex. In that case it is obvious that a ball lofted to pitch on one slope is shot to the opposite slope and thence is bound

to be given a kick up, which sends it out. The tins should go perpendicularly down nearly the whole of their depth and then should slope at not much more than a right angle towards the lowest apex, with the floor nearly flat. If made like that they will not throw the ball out again. It is a point that ought to be attended to. This stymie in itself is quite exasperating enough, without the added aggravation of finding the hole refusing to retain your ball after you have successfully pitched into it.

H. G. H.

BUNKERED ON THE TEE.

Pleasant and touching little pictures are sometimes conjured up by the problems set to the Rules of Golf Committee. Lately we have that of the gentleman who was unjustly accused of inattention to his duties as a marker. Like Mrs. Gilpin, although on pleasure he was bent, he had a frugal mind and gathered mushrooms as he played upon the Penmaenmawr links. Then there is the singular affair of the high tee at Cannock Chase. Here a gentleman built himself a sandy monument from which to drive his ball, but drove it with such little skill that it only tottered an inch or two from the tee. Thus there was what appeared a formidable bunker between himself and his ball, but the Rules of Golf Committee held that he was entitled to treat it as a loose impediment. I remember to have seen the same thing happen in a foursome in Wales a few years ago—but the players never thought of this point of the loose impediment. The second player tried manfully to play through the stately ruin of what had once been his partner's tee, and remembering the golden rule of playing well behind the ball, when it is in sand, he succeeded only in removing a vast divot and sending the ball some six inches or so on its journey. Thus it was only at the third attempt that the ball left the teeing ground, although it had actually been moved with both the preceding strokes.

MR. F. C. CARR.

Mr. Frank Carr is probably the only rival of his Christian namesake, Mr. Woolley, for the honour of being the best amateur golfer in the Midlands, and I shall certainly not attempt the invidious task of deciding between two very excellent golfers. Mr. Carr made a first and most creditable appearance in the championship at Hoylake last year, when he beat Mr. Munn and chased Mr. Hilton to the home green. This year at Prestwick he beat Captain Hutchison, but fell before Mr. Grant of Dornoch, who has just become a professional. In the International match he beat Mr. Gordon Simpson, a victory the more admirable because Mr. Simpson began with some of his deadliest putting and was at one time a good many holes up.

B. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CUCKOO AND THE SWIFT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice in your delightful paper the hearing of a cuckoo by Miss Carrie Wiseman on July 4th, 1907, as a late date. The latest I have ever heard it was in 1872, and the date was July 13th. I find, after over forty years of keen bird observation, that the adult cuckoo leaves directly after ceasing calling. On Friday last, September 29th, a swift flew close past me, heading South, when I was standing on the seashore at Chapel St. Leonards, Lincolnshire. This is twelve days later than I have ever seen one before.—J. WHITAKER.

DISTRESSED SWALLOWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A rather unusual thing occurred here the other day which might perhaps interest some of your many readers. I was looking into the garden during the very high wind-storm last Saturday afternoon, and noticed some swallows (which, by the way, are the only ones we have seen in this part of London this summer) being driven before the wind. I thought they passed over the house, but it seems they were instead driven into two rooms on the top flat. An hour or so later the maid went to light up, and found the birds caught between the two glasses of the open windows. At first we thought them dead, huddled as they were one on the top of the other. They were only asleep, and when they felt my fingers near their claws they clung on at once, and I was able to draw each one out without difficulty or injury. There were nine in all. I put them into a covered basket in the greenhouse overnight, and at 5.45 the next morning, just before the sun rose, I went down and let them fly away. They flew out one by one from the basket, as fresh and ready to continue the rest of their journey, as if a house in North London had been a most ordinary resting-place to choose overnight. Two seemed to be old birds, but the others were quite young.—I. P. CLARK, Highbury New Park, N.

NATURE NOTES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Etiquette is found among cows! Each cow has her own stall in the byre and keeps to it. No cow would dream of taking one already engaged. If a new cow is bought, she invariably waits at the byre door on returning from pasture with the others, and allows the old residents to take up their usual places before she herself enters. This custom was told to me by a woman who brought the cows in and milked them and seemed well versed in their ways. I do not know if she had taught them or not, but owners of cows who are interested in this might easily verify it. This habit of possession, kept when once attained, may be noticed in the wild birds. They keep their usual hunting-grounds, driving off their offspring when they wish to share it with them. My thrush thrives, and performed a wonderful feat when I was asleep. On awaking I saw her on the dressing-table eating, although the window was only two and a-half inches open. She flew out again behind the mirror, so I did not discover her method. It is easier going out of a window than coming in, as the sill and window-frames represent steps. This I proved when at St. Andrews Castle, where I went down a subterranean passage leading to the sea, and found the descent much more difficult than the ascent. Two pied wagtails have joined my crumb pensioners. They seem especially to delight on turf newly mown, dancing lightly around like two black and white attired Pavlovas! A starling with one leg hops around; the other leg, two or three months ago, stuck upwards, as if in menace, but either it has got rid of it by tearing it off gradually, or has

enlisted one of its stronger brethren to do so, I do not know. In wind it requires much skill in balancing itself. Starlings being running birds alone, she had a more difficult task than a blackbird or thrush, who can do both. Friends going to the country gave a tortoise into our care. I knew nothing of the ways of tortoises, but was horrified, to discover, on looking in a natural history book, that it was a reptile. Outside it wore its skeleton, while its circulation was slow and it breathed from its nostrils. This reptile required a bath every day, and as it was rather difficult for it to come out of the bath provided, one had to be on the alert. Its foodstuffs were unexpected—cabbage, buttercups, clover and an occasional blue-bottle fly. Cabbages and buttercups were procurable but, as far as I knew, no clover was in the garden. The tortoise gave me, however, one morning a lesson in botany. He was discovered asleep beside a pink flowering plant, with a pleasant smile, one of the blooms held in his mouth and his left hand cast carelessly across the stem as if for safety. A white ticket stuck beside the plant named it "Astragalus rosea." On turning this up in John's flower-book I discovered that it belonged to the same tribe as clover. This tortoise knew more than I gave him credit for!—C. H. M. JOHNSTONE.

CATS WITH BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Many bird-fanciers train a cat from its kittenhood to live in the same room as his birds, in order to catch the mice which their seed attracts. A man living in Peter Street, Jersey, has so trained his cat that at night he shuts her up with the birds. It is his boast that nothing will induce her to touch them. As an instance of her trustworthiness he relates that one season a pair of linnets nested uncaged on the mantel-shelf, and that when the young birds were hatched and in an unfledged state he shut the cat up as usual with them. In the morning, to his pride and delight, he found the bird *untouched*. A neighbour of his, who also "goes in" for birds, has sarcastically remarked, "that at the finish the cat generally makes a meal of your prize bird!"—G. W.

A THIBETAN SPANIEL AND HIS COAT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As I see that questions of all sorts are asked and answered in your paper every week, perhaps you will be kind enough to answer one of mine. We have a small Thibetan spaniel whom we are thinking of taking to Australia this month. In the summer his hair is quite comparatively thin, but as the winter approaches he grows a very thick coat. Just now he is in the transition stage, and his coat is growing thicker every day ready for the cold weather. When he arrives in Australia, at the beginning of next month, what will happen? The Australian summer will be beginning, and he will find his winter coat most burdensome. Will the hot weather make him moult at once, or will he in the new climate continue to grow his winter coat at the same season that he would have grown it at home? In other words, does he change his coat mechanically twice a year, or is the change caused by, and dependent on, the temperature?—TOPAZ.

[Among an extensive collection of canine literature, we regret that we have no special data concerning dogs in Australia. In a recent report of the Victorian Kennel Club Show there is a reference to the winning collie as carrying a grand coat, mane and frill, from which the inference is that at certain seasons, at any rate, a long coat may be in good condition. In India, however, it is noticed that if a profusely-coated dog is imported from a colder climate, such as that of

Afghanistan, and taken to the plains, in a very short time the hair becomes much thinner. This, of course, is to be expected, owing to Mother Nature's kindly thought for the comfort of animals under different environments.—ED.]

GARDEN AND LAWN INSECTS.

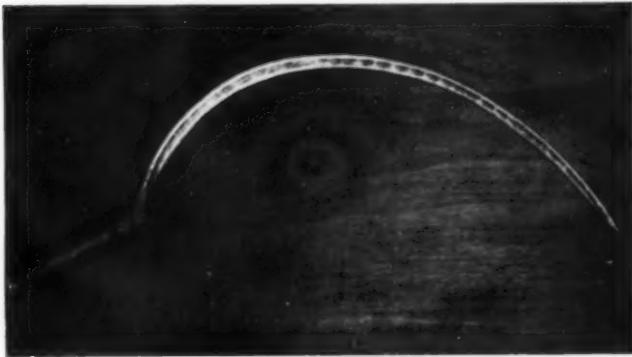
[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the issue of July 29th a reference is made to the bites of insects found in dry pasture and shrubs. Here, during the hot season, this plague is common, and to persons of delicate skin, especially children, the bites of an insect called here "echo Colorado" frequently produce a feverish condition. The irritation is so intense as to make it almost impossible to avoid scratching, and this in its turn often causes troublesome sores. An application of common kitchen soap will bring relief, but as a preventive we find that a few drops of strong essence of geranium on the socks around the ankle will often permit one to be all day in the long grass without suffering the inconvenience. The insect is of a pink colour, and a single specimen is almost invisible to the naked eye. I have found that honeysuckle is much appreciated for their habitation, but, generally, all vegetation in the summer months is thickly charged with the pest. We were sufferers for many years, in spite of experiments with numerous remedies recommended as infallible, but the essence of geranium is the only efficacious one I have discovered, and I frequently pass the day in long grass or in the woods with thick undergrowth and find that the insect has not inconvenienced me. I hope that the essence of geranium may be equally efficacious with your suffering readers. Of course, the stronger it is, so much the better. I use double or treble distilled, and apply a few drops on the socks and inside the waistband each morning.—A. H. COAKER, The Hedgerows, Fábrica Colon, Argentina.

A TOOTHED SICKLE.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph represents a toothed sickle which was used by the reapers many years ago for cutting corn. In the days when reaping was done by hand—very few, even of your oldest readers, will be able to recall such as this. All along the inner edge are very fine teeth (you can just see them in the photograph) which cut the corn. The reaper held the corn in one arm and, putting the sickle at the roots, cut with a circular motion, the teeth catching and running



USED BY REAPERS MANY YEARS AGO.

through the corn-stalks. I am a native of a Cumberland country parish, and even there of the oldest inhabitants only one can remember seeing it used. Even in his earliest days they were only occasionally used; I should say probably by those who could not afford the then more modern appliances.—K. F. WILSON.

A FELINE FRIEND.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It was in India that I made the acquaintance of a panther during the summer of 1906. I had offered to look after him for a couple of months for a friend, and he arrived one evening in rather a scratchy mood. He was then about three-quarters grown and was in the habit of eating two joints of meat a day. For the first night I tied him up to the end of my bed; but as he pulled off all the bedclothes I did not try this plan again. Instead, I fixed up a wire round a tree with a long chain running on a ring, and constructed a house for him by means of a couple of packing-cases. The young panther soon grew very friendly, and I could do anything with him except interfere with him at meal-times. In fact, I had to be very careful how I handed him his food, as he used to snatch it so fiercely. I used to take the beast for a walk every evening on a chain, and he would stalk every moving thing he saw, making use of the ground to hide his movements in a wonderful way. Dogs, goats, cows, ponies and natives were all game to him; and it was very amusing to see a fat bunnius suddenly look round to find a nearly full-grown panther almost in the act of springing on him. The man usually fled with a howl. Of course, the beast, being on the chain, could always be pulled back, and was never allowed to touch either man or animal. One night "Allah Rugah," for such was his name, took it into his head to make his escape while I was dressing for dinner, and I had to rush out—dressed like the celebrated "Bill Bailey"—in order to find him. He sprang at me from behind a bush and gave me a scratch along the thigh; but this was only in play; the scratch was not very deep and soon healed. One day the panther was shown a looking-glass. He first smelled at his reflected image, then put his paw behind and tried to fish his imaginary opponent out from the glass, and, finally, dealt him a blow full in the face with such violence as to smash the mirror. The man from whom the furniture was hired at first refused to accept the glass, saying that this was not "fair wear and tear"; but eventually gave in to the argument that "it made no difference how a thing was smashed; it was bound to be broken some day, and could not be expected to last for ever." At last the two months were up and "Allah Rugah" had to

be taken back to his master, the journey being accomplished in a victoria. He was then presented to a "Zoo" in the West of England. When on leave towards the end of 1907 I went to pay the panther a visit in his new home. He recognised me at once, rushed to the side of the cage and, thrusting out his "arms," caught hold of me and let me pull his tail, stroke him and put my hand in his mouth. Being on furlough again this year, 1911, I went to see him, and found that he still knew me. Dashing up to the bars of his cage, he nestled up against me. He seemed more staid and darker in colour. Perhaps the change to a more sober demeanour was due to the fact that he had just become the father of three cubs. "Allah Rugah's" mate, in the next cage, also came forward and licked my hand. I believe it is a fact that these animals have a very strong memory, although this is perhaps not generally known.—W. M.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH HOUSES.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am one of your many readers in America. The part of your paper which has always interested me the most is that devoted to the pictures and plans of modern country houses. For some years I have studied corresponding pictures and plans in our American magazines. Some differences, which *invariably* occur, seem to me interesting. In all American plans—I have never found an exception—the kitchen is directly connected with the dining-room by a pantry. The pantry often has a sliding panel into the kitchen. Food is served through this opening, and has to be taken only a few feet to the dining-table, through a door from pantry to dining-room. In English plans the dining-room is generally some distance from the kitchen, and the butler's pantry apart from either. Food is sometimes served across the front hall, a plan which must be chilling to the dishes and dangerous to the floors. Another difference, in which, to my mind, the English house has the advantage, is that generally in it the drawing-room, sitting-room and library have but one door each, and so placed that it does not spoil the cosiness of the room. Mr. Henry James remarks, in his late book on "America Revisited," that it is impossible to have a private conversation in a modern American house. The openings between the rooms, including the hall, are so large that you are never quite sure what room you are in, and as these openings are never shut, you feel that your conversation must be addressed to the whole house. American houses have many more bathrooms in proportion to their size. A house large enough to require three living-rooms, besides the dining-room, would have two or three, and sometimes more, bathrooms. The English houses pay more attention to the southern exposure. The question of position is practically never referred to in the country house articles of American magazines—and, I think, should be considered more important. The lack of porches in English houses, either for sitting in or for sleeping out, must be owing to the cooler climate in summer; but what accounts for the lack of cupboards? I mean in the bedrooms.—M. L. BARTON.

[The differences in climate and social habits account for most of the variations between English and American house-planning. Architects in the States show a praiseworthy interest in all practical details; but it is fair to say that our designers are increasingly alive to the need of cupboards in bedrooms, and indeed to the virtues of fitted furniture everywhere.—ED.]

FRENCH LIVING.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be grateful if any of your readers could throw light upon a little problem which constantly troubles me. Recently I have been staying in Dieppe, and was boarded in an old-fashioned French hotel for ten francs—that is, eight shillings and fourpence—a day. For this I had a roomy bedroom, not quite so well furnished as in an English hotel, but with a very comfortable bed. For food I had an excellent *café complet* in the morning, a *déjeuner* of five courses and a dinner of seven. Nowhere in England can one get such meals. How is it done? There is a double tariff in France, first, on imports into the country, and, second, in the shape of the octroi or tolls on the foodstuffs brought into the town. The lowest charge at English hotels one knows is ten shillings and sixpence a day, although in certain parts of Wales I have been charged as little as seven shillings and sixpence. So far as I can make out, French living is cheaper because that country produces most of its own food and nothing is wasted. Then, instead of giving great slabs of meat, "cuts off the joint," one is served with small, but adequate, "portions." But there must be other reasons. It is true that at the *table d'hôte* meals wine is no longer *compris*, as in the days of one's youth, "Les boissons sont extra." But, then, as the hotel-keepers say, wine is now scarce and dear. All food prices, in fact, have risen. "La vie est très chère," as I was told. And yet they beat us in England.—C. N. A.

DESTRUCTION OF WILD ANIMALS IN INDIA.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The annual return published by the Home Department of the Government of India shows that there were 2,400 persons killed by wild animals in India during the year 1910. For many years the Government of India have paid liberal rewards for the destruction of tigers, leopards, bears and hyenas. Thus, a person who kills a tiger and brings the skin to the office of the local magistrate is entitled to receive a reward of 25 rupees (13s. 4d.). The reward for the destruction of a leopard is 5 rupees (6s. 8d.), while a bear is valued at half that amount. Special rewards amounting to £30 or £40 are frequently paid for the destruction of man-eating tigers. The result of this system of rewards has been that a special class of hunters (shikaris) have come into existence, who make a livelihood by earning the Government rewards. These people, who generally live in the villages remote from large towns, acquaint themselves with the haunts of the animals, and shoot them from trees at night as they go to drink at the village stream or tank. In still more remote parts the shikaris have invented a gigantic bow and arrow, which is firmly fixed in the ground in the tiger or leopard's usual track. A string is fixed across the path, attached to the trap. As soon as the animal touches the string, the effect is to discharge the arrow, which is usually poisoned, and the quarry is found dead somewhere in the neighbourhood within the next few hours or at daybreak. This systematic campaign against wild animals has led to their diminution to an enormous extent, and India is no longer a sportsman's paradise. The total number of wild animals

destroyed during the year 1910 was 19,282. They included 1,421 tigers, 5,029 leopards, 2,292 bears, 3,114 wolves and 414 hyenas. The total rewards paid amounted to 144,289 rupees (£9,619). In addition, 2,875 rupees (£192) were paid for the destruction of poisonous snakes. The total number killed was reported to be 91,104.—R.

DUCKLINGS AND KITTENS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The enclosed is a photograph of an interesting circumstance which has occurred two years running in this village. It is a cat who mothers a brood of ducklings as well as her own kittens. The photograph shows the cat, one kitten and the ducks.—ETHEL STAFFORD, Potter's End, Berkhamsted.



A CAT AND HER BROOD OF DUCKLINGS.

STARTING AN EGG DEPOT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am desirous of starting an egg depot, and should be glad if you or any of your readers could tell me of a good neighbourhood where the need of one is felt, and where one could be started with a good chance of success. Easy access to some big town is, of course, essential. I should prefer somewhere in Oxfordshire, Somerset or Wiltshire.—AIREDALE.

A RARE TYPE OF COTTAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Enclosed are two cuttings from COUNTRY LIFE—one quite recent, the other a few years old. It would be very interesting to print the two side by side. The type is a rare one and evidently very early—at least fifteenth century.—MARTIN CONWAY.

[We have great pleasure in acting upon Sir Martin Conway's suggestion.—ED.]



IN A LEICESTERSHIRE VILLAGE.

MANAGEMENT OF A CEMENT FOUNTAIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be very glad if you can tell me how I can keep a cement fountain sweet and clean. It is an old fountain, ten feet in diameter, with two small basins at the top. I want to stock this with fish, and would like to know what kinds would live together in harmony. At present it gets dirty in about a month after it has been thoroughly scrubbed out, and a kind of thin green slime appears on the sides. I have kept gold-fish for several months in it by feeding with ants' eggs, but they gradually died off. The water is quite pure, so I

do not think it was through lead poisoning. Would putting in some mollusca be any good? Or some water-weeds? My idea is to make the fountain like a natural pond, if possible. If you think any of these ideas are good, would you kindly tell me how to set about them?—i.e., where can I procure the things and what is the price? Also, should I add any stones to the bottom? A great many birds perch on the top of the fountain and their droppings fall in; do you think this might have something to do with the deaths of the

fish and the dirtiness of the water? I am sorry to trouble you at such length, but would be most grateful for any information either from you or your readers.—DENNIS BROWN.

[There seems to be no reason why fish should not thrive in the cement fountain if the water supply is pure and there is no possibility of its being contaminated in the basin itself. Birds' droppings would not matter at all. The slimy growth is caused by the sun shining directly upon the walls of the basin. It is quite harmless to fish, but rather unsightly, and if you wish to keep it down you should put in some water-snails to act as scavengers. Especially useful are Planorbis (the flat spiral snail), Limnae (the fresh-water whelk) and Paludina vivipara. This has been a very bad year for gold-fish. The greater number of those sold in this country are imported from Germany, and even those that have survived the journey in the heat which we have experienced during the past months have been sickly and delicate. They should otherwise do well on ants' eggs. Providing that they are much of a size, there are few fish that will not live together amicably; but pike and perch are, of course, exceptions to the rule. Golden orfe and golden tench are both harder than gold-fish, and do well in captivity; but we imagine that you do not propose keeping them in the two little basins you mention above the pool itself. It is very difficult to make a cement-lined basin "like a natural pond"; the conditions are so utterly different. You could, however, make a very charming lily pool of it



IN THE COTSWOLDS.

without interfering with the fish. You do not mention its depth, but for its diameter it would carry one plant of the big common white water-lily, or two of the smaller hybrids. These, however, should not be put in more than three feet of water at the deepest, and do better in two feet. The roots should be planted in wicker baskets in soil composed of three-parts turfy loam and one-part well-decayed manure. If it is desired to cover the surface of the water quickly, the common Villarsia is a good subject. Irises and ornamental rushes would be delightful additions to the pool if they could be grown, but they require a free boggy root-run, and do not lend themselves to basket treatment.—ED.]